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THE PACIFIC DUELLISTS

Like a grotesque divinity in one of her classical prints, Japan still postures with uplifted sword. Will it ever strike? No one can feel sure, but if it remains for ever a painted blade above a painted ocean, the prestige of the boaster who wields it must sink out of sight. During the week-end the Premier, General Tojo announced that he proposed to "purge" the Western Democracies out of Asia and to "crush" them, if they resisted him. Simultaneously, he asked for a renewal of the interrupted Washington talks. To this the Americans have agreed. The background of these conversations will be sombre. The Japanese Grand Fleet is said to be cruising, with twenty big warships, off British North Borneo; the American Grand Fleet is steaming westwards from Hawaii, while in French Indo-China a Japanese army and air fleet are poised for a swoop upon Thailand. In this situation what can Mr. Kurusu and Admiral Nomura hope to win from further talks? No suggestion has come from Tokio of any bribe or concession that might placate American indignation.

Then is it the purpose of the Japanese to gain time? That is the probable explanation, since the proposal of a three months' truce, which Mr. Cordell Hull flatly rejected last week came from them. Yet at a first glance it would seem that they have much to lose by delay. The freezing of their assets by the A.B.C.D. Powers has hit them hard; this it was that drove them to negotiate. They have, of course, reserves of strategical materials, especially of oil, which some experts estimate as sufficient for a major war of twelve months. Three months hence, since the war in China would go on, these stores would have shrunk perceptibly. On the other hand, it is said that Hitler, reckoning on the complete submission of Marshal Pétain and Admiral Darlan, has promised to lend the French Fleet to Japan before February is out. Finally, if General Tojo is what he appears to be, a man who blusters while he hesitates, he may welcome delay because he dare not take the risk of any irreparable act.

To guess the intentions of the American administration is hardly easier. It is clear, as the Gallup polls show, that the American people are much readier for war with Japan than for war in Europe. But is Congress equally ready? If it were so, would not the President have sought from it authority, by way of resolution, to warn Japan that any fresh aggressive act will involve her in war with the United States? Such a warning has for long seemed to offer the best hope of peace. Constitutionally the President cannot give it without the permission of Congress. It may be significant that he has not risked a request for its permission. Finally, do we know the President's own mind in this matter? As we read it, he prefers to conserve all America's belligerent resources and instincts for the struggle against Hitler. Avowedly, until the other day, he was (to use his own word) "appeasing" Japan. Doubtless this appeasement was tactical: on sufficient provocation he would fight.

Where, then, does Mr. Roosevelt draw the line which Japan will cross at her peril? Instead of attempting to guess the answer to that question, let us enquire what Japan intends to do. By all accounts her immediate purpose is to isolate the Chinese by closing the Burma road. She might march from Indo-China into Yunnan. That would raise no new international issue, but this province is an impenetrable chaos of precipitous alps and gorges. If, however, she should choose the easy route through Thailand, she must intend to attack the road where it traverses British territory. That is so obvious that we should be fully justified in falling upon her forces, if she moves, either at sea or on land. But could we in that event count on American support? America would probably respond by increasing her aid to China, which she is already helping, on the model of Spanish Non-Intervention, by the loan of pilots and planes. But it is uncertain whether Congress would sanction war for the defence of Thailand. Whether it would do so for the sake of the Dutch Indies we cannot pretend to guess. For Asiatic Russia it probably would do nothing, if we may draw the natural inference from the exclusion of the Soviet Union from the A.B.C.D. group. Mr. Cordell Hull will never compromise over the basic principles of international morals which he reaffirmed in his last despatch to Tokio. How much he will do to enforce them is another matter.

These guesses and strategical calculations fail to touch the gravity of this issue. Our own national stake, like America's, is only secondary in this affair. But China is fighting, not merely for national survival, but for the lives of millions of her people who must perish if this brutal war drags on year after year. Japan was guilty four years ago of an appalling crime against humanity: she repeats it every day. If America could bring herself to the point of action and make Japan understand that if necessary she will fight in concert with the Russians and ourselves, she might put an end to a ghastly war without risking so much as a bomb-crater on her own soil.

The Russian Victory

Timoshenko's victory lit up a week that without it would have been overclouded by our anxiety over Libya. This success suggests that he is making good what Budyonny's inadequate leadership lost. He has reorganised the armies of the south into a force capable of taking the offensive in a large-scale war of movement. That is the main fact: the recapture of Rostov is the evidence. Apart from this, Rostov itself is of capital importance, firstly as a railroad terminus, secondly, as a centre for the distribution of oil, thirdly and chiefly, as a key to the Caucasus and its wells. What happened is now fairly clear in outline. Timoshenko, by his rapid westward march, outflanked the Germans in Rostov on their left. Simultaneously a Russian force, equipped with tanks, crossed the Don on pontoons below the town and took them in the rear. It is possible that civilian snipers also attacked them in the centre of the city, though there is no confirmation of this Nazi story from the Russian

side. The Germans then withdrew in some disorder, leaving many tanks and guns behind. Timoshenko has pursued them along the shores of the Sea of Azov past Taganrog, towards Mariupol, and has been strong enough also to detach a force north-westwards towards Stalino. The German excuse that to vindicate the majesty of military and international law Rostov was evacuated to facilitate a massacre of the civilian population on the scale of Warsaw or Rotterdam, is an unpleasant revelation of the mind of the High Command.

The Libyan Battle

The battle of the tanks in Libya has now involved the infantry, as it drags on into the third week. It is not the swift encounter on naval lines which Mr. Churchill led us to expect. It is now clear that General Cunningham failed to pen both the German Panzer divisions within the triangle Tobruk–Sollum–Sidi Barrani. The 21st Division certainly was and still is within it. But the 15th Division either always was outside it, or got outside it. The two divisions then attacked our chief concentration at Sidi Rezegh, the 15th from the west and the 21st from the east, and rolled it back to the south and north. This happened twice. In the final result Tobruk is again isolated, while the Germans have a clear road open for supplies from the west. It is a too flattering interpretation that they are trying to escape from the triangle. They claim 9,000 British prisoners with three generals: our captives are fewer. It is clear in retrospect that our Staff under-estimated the strength of the Germans. In numbers of men the two armies are about equal. Our tanks, chiefly of the light American type, are outmatched by the heavier guns and armour of the German medium models. On the other hand, we are stronger in the air, which in the early days we dominated. The issue would now seem to turn on our ability to bring up considerable reinforcements of tanks and men from Egypt. This should be easy. The Germans, let us hope, have only limited reserves on which to draw.

The Future of Abyssinia

The surrender at Gondar of the last of the Italian armies completes the rescue of Abyssinia. Our goodwill and sincerity will now be tested by the plan we adopt to help the Emperor in setting up his civil administration. His difficulty in the past was twofold: the lack (1) of communications, and (2) of revenues. Italy has left behind a valuable legacy of main roads. Miss Margery Perham has argued in two able articles in the *Times* that Great Britain should make an annual grant to the Emperor's budget of perhaps £2,000,000. But she proposes that we should surround him with British advisers, of whom one at least should be a South African. This she calls "generosity"; it impresses us rather as a cheap way of obtaining a protectorate. Against this plan we would argue that the Emperor becomes our puppet, unless he is free to choose his own advisers. No one in America or Europe, and certainly no African, will believe that he chose freely, unless a high proportion of these officials are drawn from other countries. Further, we agree with Sir George Maxwell, who argues from experience in a letter to the *Times*, that these men should not rank as "advisers," but as civil servants in the Emperor's employment. If he needs any help in selecting them, it should come from a disinterested international body. We would amend the proposal of a financial grant in the same sense; it should come from the future International authority, and not from Great Britain alone; though we may have to advance it while the war continues. This matter is urgent; too many posts, including judicial appointments, have been filled with British subjects already. We should remember that Americans watch Ethiopia rather closely. Their inclination to help us will cool if they suspect that we are adopting here the customary imperial technique.

The Home Front *(by an Industrial Correspondent)*.

According to the figures compiled by the employers, skilled engineers were getting in July of this year an average wage of 130*s*. for a week of rather more than 54 hours—a rise of 47 per cent. in average earnings over the 1938 level, for a working week longer by 5 hours. Semi-skilled engineers averaged over 113*s*. this July, and unskilled male engineering workers over 89*s*.—increases of 52 per cent. and 46 per cent. The average hours worked were 54 for the semi-skilled as well as for the skilled, and over 57 for the unskilled. These figures do not cover all firms or all classes of workers; and they would probably be disputed by the A.E.U. and the other Unions on the score of differences of classification. But presumably they can be taken as broadly representative of the existing conditions—for there has been no substantial change since July. The first point to notice is that the average hours worked are lower than most persons not in the industry would expect. The normal working week in engineering is of 47 hours—which gives an average overtime of 7 hours for skilled and semi-skilled and 10 hours for unskilled workers. Total earnings of £6 10*s*. a week, including all piecework and overtime payments, does not seem very large for a fully skilled engineer, in view of the enormous importance of his contribution to war production. It compares, in fact, rather unfavourably with the £4 10*s*. of the unskilled worker, even if this is paid in respect of a longer working week. There are no doubt some thousands of skilled engineers who are getting very much higher wages than the statistics disclose, just as there are others who are getting a good deal less. A part of the trouble is that these exceptionally high earnings very often go at random, not to the best men, but to those who happen to be working on jobs which allow high piecework earnings or for firms which made a practice of stealing skilled men by the offer of exceptional wages before the control over this was imposed last year. The standard rate of skilled time-workers in engineering is only 77*s*. 6*d*., including war bonus (averaging the rates in the principal centres); and the average earnings of 130*s*. must be heavily weighted by high piecework payments as well as by overtime. The skilled engineer, whose work is such as to preclude the possibility of piecework payment, must under these conditions be feeling the pinch.

* * *

The occasion of these observations is the hearing of the engineers' national wage claim before the National Arbitration Tribunal. The question in which the Trade Unions are chiefly interested is not that of total earnings, but that of the basic wage, in which they are demanding an increase of 4*d*. an hour. This would mean an addition of nearly 15*s*. a week in respect of the normal working hours. The employers have already rejected the claim, and it now goes to the tribunal virtually as a test case; for it raises the question whether the policy laid down in the Government's White Paper of refusing advances save in exceptional cases, is to be put into force despite the objections raised by the Trades Union Congress. The problem is not easy. A general round of wage-advances would clearly have inflationary effects, unless it were accompanied by a much more rigid control over total spending than the Government seems at all likely to introduce. But the skilled time-workers and some of the pieceworkers who are on work which cannot be speeded up without disastrous effects on quality have a real grievance. War production has always a tendency to upset relative earnings; for among skilled jobs it is usually easier to speed up those which require a lower than those which require a high degree of skill. The rational answer would be to increase the time-workers' basic wage, and to promise special consideration to piece-workers who cannot earn large balances. But this latter would be a complicated business; and it may be that an increase in the time-worker's rate, or a special bonus to time-workers is the best that can be done. What ought not to happen is a flat rejection of the claim, despite the real grievance behind it.

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The case of the women munition workers is not included in the application discussed in the previous note. But they, too, have a clear grievance. The women's rate in engineering is only 43*s*. at 21 years of age, and this is very low, especially in view of the fact that many of them are doing what is ordinarily regarded as men's work. Of course, some women earn much more than this on piecework or by working overtime. But many women have no chance to earn more; and it appears that women's earnings are in practice even more irrational than men's. The increasing compulsion on women to enter the war factories, often at serious inconvenience and not seldom at the cost of leaving more remunerative jobs, is bound to bring the whole question of women's rates in engineering speedily to the front. Already it is a notorious anomaly that the allowances paid to women under training are higher than the rates they can get when they start on production. This absurdity ought to be ended at once, by guaranteeing a high minimum in the factory. My own view is that it would be much better to raise the guaranteed rate, if necessary relating the increase to a change in the method of computing piecework earnings. In theory, women who replace men ought to receive the men's rates; but this principle is very difficult to apply in practice to most war work, as it is often unclear whether a woman is or is not directly replacing a male worker. If housewives and mothers are now to be forced into industry, when special arrangements will be needed for adapting the hours of labour to their home conditions, another serious wage problem will arise. If husbands' and wives' earnings are treated together for purposes of income tax, the wife's effective wage will be in practice reduced a long way below what she nominally earns. As *The Economist* has argued, it would be plain common sense, if we want to attract the married women into war work, to give up the anomalous practice of taxing both incomes as if they were one. Unless this is done speedily, there will be grave discontent among both men and women when they discover what is happening.

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Fewer trains, fewer sleepers, fewer restaurant cars. That is the latest message to the people from the Ministry of War Transport. The other side of the picture should be more regular distribution of coal, better timing in the arrival of materials and components at the war factories, and, it is to be hoped, more punctual arrival of the trains which do continue to run. There is obviously a very strong case for curtailing unnecessary travel; and the only means of doing this seems to be that of making the traveller thoroughly uncomfortable. Unfortunately, the discomfort hits those who have to travel on important national work. It is a serious matter to get no sleep on a night journey between two heavy days, or to be unable to work in the train on a long day journey. But we shall just have to put up with it for the time being, and travel as little as we possibly can except when we must. The sending of locomotives and railway material to Russia is given as one reason for the curtailment, and the use of railway factories for war production as another. Men, too, are short; and military demand is heavy at this time of year, and is increased by the development of the new fronts in the East.

The Labour Revolt (*By a Parliamentary Correspondent*)

In politics the unexpected always happens. Suddenly, without warning, the House of Commons is in a state of political ferment. Anything may happen. After 18 months unwavering support of the Churchill Government the Labour Party has kicked over the traces. Jim Griffiths, noted for his conciliatory attitude and for his inability to make up his mind, speaking officially for the Party on the Government motion to conscript man- and woman-power, made a striking speech demanding drastic changes in our economic organisation because the Party members are in revolt. Ellis Smith, in his maiden speech from the front bench, followed suit with a much stronger speech. Even Pethick Lawrence took a firm stand in the Party meeting. A series of Party and Executive meetings, characterised by acrimonious discussion, preluded a Cabinet meeting on the situation.

The cause of the trouble is simple yet fundamental. The rank and file of the Labour Party are not opposed to compulsion, but they are not prepared to accept it unless the Government also conscripts property, in the form of national control of transport, mines and war munitions industries. An amendment to this effect has been put down and supported by 36 members of the Party. The revolt is not led by the Ginger Group, but by staid members like Dagger and Parker. They are not making these proposals and a demand for substantial improvement in service allowances in any doctrinaire spirit, but purely on the grounds that they will further the war effort.

All sorts of rumours are floating about the Lobbies. It is said that Attlee cuts a sorry figure in face of the revolt, and that he bluntly stated the Government had no mandate to conscript property. He was promptly faced with his own statements when he carried the measure to give the Government, at the outset of its career, full powers over all persons and all property. Churchill's speech introducing the motion for increased compulsion fell flat. Mr. Churchill's style of oratory demands a picture to paint. It was obvious to Members that he failed to recognise the social implications of his proposals and was out of touch with the realities of the production situation. Members could not accept his view that production was following a majestic and ordered progress towards its planned end. He, of course, wishes to avoid political dissension at all costs. In putting up John Anderson at the end of Wednesday's debate to mollify the Labour Party, he made a profound mistake. Anderson simply made the situation worse by stonewalling. Churchill's position is prejudiced by the fact that he is Chairman of the Conservative Party. The Chamberlain Conservatives, discredited and demoralised when their misdeeds came home to roost at the time of Dunkirk, are once more in full control of the machinery of Government. The Labour leaders inside the Government have become the cat's paws of the Tory Party, and are being used to impose conscription upon the men and women of the country without being given any *quid pro quo* in the form of national control of industry. However, the rank and file of the Labour Party in the House are not prepared to allow their captive leaders to destroy the Labour Party at the behest of their Tory colleagues.

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ONE-SIDED COMPULSION

In May 1940 the Churchill Government was formed. In the gravest moment of national danger Party differences were put aside, an electoral truce was called, and the Government formally pronounced that it took complete control over persons and property. It was only on the strength of Mr. Attlee's pledge, made both in the House and on the wireless, that property should be conscripted no less than labour that national unity was achieved. How far it was a necessary pledge we knew from watching the fate of France, where man-power was mobilised without due regard for the needs of production or for the unequal hardships it inflicted on common people. One-sided compulsion, which inflicted the maximum of hardship on one class, was one of the most serious factors in French demoralisation. It was the peculiar strength of the Churchill Government that it combined the patriotic section of the Tory Party with the strongest leaders of Labour, and that together they promised equally to conscript labour and property for the nation's service.

From that day to this a few have been found publicly to express the anger felt by thousands that the Labour Ministers who joined the Government have allowed one stage after another of compulsion to be applied to labour without in a single case insisting on State ownership of mine, factory or public utility. In 1940 the position of the Chamberlainites was at its lowest point. Everyone knew that it was they who had brought us to the mess in which we found ourselves at Dunkirk. But the leaders of Labour have not maintained the influence to which they were entitled. Under the banner of the political truce, loyally adhered to by Labour, the Conservative Party has, in fact, increased its power everywhere. Parliamentary seats have been occupied by the more extreme kind of Conservative, Labour has accepted compulsion of many kinds, and key posts in every Department of State have been occupied by the nominees of the Conservative Central Office. To-day has come the final turn of the screw. If the Labour Party through loyalty to the Party truce, through fear of breaking national unity in the House, or from any other motive, permits itself to be persuaded into accepting this latest measure of compulsion without exacting in exchange a similar sacrifice on the side of property, we anticipate not merely the final decay of the Labour Party, but also a very far-reaching breach in the still firm structure of national unity. It is this last consideration and its significance for the war that we are mainly concerned with. We may quote a very relevant passage from the *War Memoirs* of Mr. Lloyd George:

> As regards the control of our man-power our difficulty throughout the war with the representatives of Labour centred around the suspicion of profiteering by the proprietors of works engaged on Government contracts, so that the workers in them had not the same feeling of direct and whole-hearted national service that they developed in the Army or Navy. To conscript men for industry seemed to the workers equivalent to forcing them by law to work for the benefit of private capitalists—a proceeding which they would quite rightly have resisted to the uttermost.

On the application of compulsion to the whole problem of man-power, industrial and military, there is general agreement, or, as we should prefer to put it, the Government can get agreement, if it will conscript property as well as life. We have all come to realise, since the collapse of France, that there are too few of us for the manifold needs of total war—too few to man the ships and build them, too few to construct the planes and fly them, too few to forge the steel and turn it into tanks for both Timoshenko and Cunningham. It follows that we cannot tolerate the waste of a single pair of capable hands, old or young, male or female. For the complete suppression of luxury trades and the abolition in all classes of idleness the country has long been prepared. But it is painfully aware that defective organisation may cause waste as considerable and as demoralising as luxury or idleness. Mrs. Tate's picture in Tuesday's debate of a factory in which superfluous men slept through the working-day was deeply disturbing, and most of us could cap it from our own observation of the "bottlenecks" which obstruct industrial processes. There is a widespread impression that the Government has not thought out its own problem of man-power, and that it conscripts because it is too lazy to plan. Does it know even yet how large an army it needs; how many men and women must make munitions, and what irreducible minimum must be spared to run the essential civil services? The services and the war industries grab alternately in perpetual competition, and there is neither a plan nor an authority which can adjust their rival claims. That is not the job which the forty-five local boards promised in this scheme have been asked to perform. On one central problem of the war Mr. Churchill did, indeed, throw some fresh light. He was explicit about the arms which still need additional military man-power. The R.A.F. will want more men next year and very many more in 1943. The Navy is also hungry for men and so is the Army in India. But there he stopped. If one seeks from this allocation of men an indication of Mr. Churchill's plans for victory, the answer is neither clear nor reassuring. He relies on a crescendo of bombing reaching its climax in 1943—by which year the signs seem to be that the defence against the bomber on both sides will make bombing an even less potentially decisive weapon than it is to-day. He is anxious about the defence of India and the Middle East. He is anxious about invasion. But it is not very clear on what plan the new mobilisation is based.

A scheme of this kind will be judged not on its details, but on its position in a plan to maximise production. It is painful, though it may be inevitable, that lads of 19 will now be sent abroad on active service. What use is to be made of the boys and girls between 16 and 18 did not emerge clearly from the Prime Minister's speech. Are they merely to be drilled; is useful work to be found for them; or is the idea to subject them to a formative discipline of sorts? We share the *Manchester Guardian's* dislike of a *Churchill-Jugend*. Boys of 17 are already admitted to the Home Guard; would not the case be met by lowering the age of entry to 16? The proposal to recruit the Home Guard in part by compulsion strikes us as objectionable. Some tens of thousands of unenthusiastic recruits can be got in this way, but at the risk of hurting the pride and lessening the zeal of the 1,700,000 men who are already in this force which respects itself because it is composed of volunteers. In applying compulsion to women the Government still errs, it seems to us, on the side of timidity. Women are citizens who enjoy equal rights, and few of them wish to shirk the duties of their status. It is not easy to understand why a childless young woman should escape compulsion merely because she wears a wedding ring. But we would add as decidedly that if women are to be driven in larger numbers into industry, the State must be very much more careful of their comfort and their rights than it is to-day. Too many young women living at a distance from their work have to rise at 4 or 5 to face already exhausted a long day's work on miserable pay. A recent official inquiry shows that the average weekly earnings of adult men in the defence industries amount to £5; those of adult women to £2 4s. The first figure is not too high; the second is scandalously low.

The main problem, however, which this scheme raises turns on the new principle of

individual which replaces the old plan of block reservation. The problem again is whether this far-reaching change can be properly made under private ownership. The damage to morale may outweigh the advantages.

It opens the door wide to favouritism and even to victimisation. When the manager of a factory has to pick the "sheep" whom he regards as indispensable, and the "goats" whom he can spare, will his choice always be governed by their technical efficiency? This man or woman is always subservient: the other fellow is independent and may even be a shop steward. Can the local boards reviewing cases by the million, really check the facts? In this way service in the Army which ought to be the post of honour might come to be a penal discipline. A man living a fairly comfortable life round the age of fifty will suffer not merely a heavy loss of income when he joins up: he will often quit interesting and responsible work for a sedentary routine which lacks all the romance and excitement of active service. This may be inevitable, but we cannot regard the chaotic disparity of incomes that now faces us in that light. We are convinced that a system can be devised which would ration incomes for soldiers and civilians alike, with due regard to varying obligations, on a footing that approaches equality. This however, is not immediately at issue. The political controversy now turns on the Labour demand for public ownership of transport, mines and munitions.

Those who rule this country have never seen this struggle as a People's War. Tell our rulers that we are all united in service to the country and they respond with personal courage and the sacrifice of much that has been dear to them. But suggest that those who have led are not necessarily the best to lead in the war or in the future, that leadership does not necessarily belong to ownership, and that if we would be victorious we must fight not as two nations of masters and employers but as a single unified whole—then they become incredulous and finally angry. The last turn in the screw of compulsion has inevitably raised this issue in the sharpest way. Mr. Attlee is reported to have argued to the Parliamentary Executive of the Labour Party that the Government had no mandate to nationalise property—a strange piece of forgetfulness indeed, in view of his statement of June, 1940, and a strange argument in any case, since the present House of Commons was elected in 1935, when the present Government was appointed with no mandate from the electorate to do anything except use collective sanctions against Italy in the Abyssinian war! A considerable group of Labour Members are quite unwilling to acquiesce in this one-sided measure of compulsion. In its present form it would convince thousands of workers throughout the country that all the promises of a different order after the war are as much a deception as the "homes for heroes" promise after the last war. Mr. Churchill and the Labour Ministers who accept the persuasions of the Conservative Central Office may not realise the strength of public feeling in mine, factory and workshop. We know of no one who wishes to divide the country at this crisis of its fortunes. We merely wish, as we know those who press for the amendment to this measure of compulsion wish, to strengthen the nation's government by bringing it into harmony with the demands of millions who thought that they were not being tricked when they were promised conscription of property as well as of labour, and who hoped that when their leaders entered the Government they had some guarantee against the usual fate of Labour when it follows Capital into war. Amongst the Labour Ministers in the Cabinet we cannot believe that Mr. Bevin is ignorant of the strength of the feeling in the country behind those who urge the amendment.

A LONDON DIARY

No, I know the Prime Minister did not say that the battle in Libya would be settled in two hours; I know he merely said that a tank battle was now like a sea battle which "may be settled in the course of two hours." I know he said that "it is far too soon to indulge in any exultation," and added the carefully unilluminating phrase that "the next few days will see developments which will include many highly interesting features." This, you will say, is not to count your chickens before they are hatched. Sorrowfully I must beg leave to differ. The effect of the Prime Minister's speech, and the propaganda put out (particularly from Cairo) when the Libyan expedition started, was calculated to produce a silly over-optimism. That we can have made this mistake again after Hitler had missed the bus and dangerously extended his communications in Norway and Crete and elsewhere, would seem almost incredible. After all, the Prime Minister told us, by way of explaining why we chose Libya for the attack, that we had been preparing for this offensive for five months, that we had a superiority, and had begun brilliantly, and so forth. It is clear that the Staff once again under-estimated Germany's tanks. Why not overestimate them for a change? What was to be lost by a very cautious statement which would have increased the Government's credit if the offensive was a runaway success, prepared everyone for a long drawn-out and costly affair, and enabled the Government to blame the newspapers for wanting activity if it was a failure? Wiser, surely, in any event.

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Who really counts in the Government? Mr. Churchill tells us that he is not going to change its form, so the question is important. Perhaps he does not see the material for a War Cabinet of Ministers without Portfolio, such as Mr. Lloyd George set up in the last war. There are always three kinds of Ministers—those whose importance is their capacity to put something over to the public; those whose function is the mastery of unpublicised detail, and those who are there not for ability but for some Party or extraneous reason. It is Mr. Churchill's misfortune that there is no one of a capacity or prestige to rival his own in the Cabinet. Equally important and unfortunate, he has no rival in Opposition, which is one reason possibly for his sensitivity to criticism. It is difficult not to develop a Führer mentality if no one worthy of your steel offers to cross swords. The ablest man in the Cabinet after the Prime Minister is almost certainly Sir John Anderson. Talking to people who have seen him at work in a number of different capacities, I get a very clear picture of him as the man who in this war does something of what Milner did in the last. He reads the documents and masters details; the Prime Minister only sees the summaries. Such economic co-ordination as there is depends on Sir John. An American journalist who saw him not long ago said that Anderson was a type that he understood at once. He was the familiar big business executive of the United States. He is reputed by some to be Liberal and by some to be very reactionary. He is an administrator with a Civil Service training; he is not really a politician, but may be used for the most reactionary purposes in Ireland or India or in the Home Office. How dangerously limited his political outlook is we can tell from his answer to the Labour critics in Wednesday's debate.

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What about Beaverbrook? From the point of view of obtaining a balanced organisation, he is the most difficult problem of all. He has drive, energy and what is now called dynamic. A pirate, he seizes men and materials from other departments as he wills, throwing everything else out of gear. I am inclined to think he should go to each department for six weeks to ginger it up and then be forcibly removed to another. He has just won a battle on industrial conscription against Bevin, who wanted better organisation. Attlee's trouble is lack of personality. He exactly suits Winston. A Labour Party leader who sought to stand on equality with the Prime Minister would have raised the most difficult problems. But Attlee is modest, reliable—everything he should be as a second in command. Criticism of him and his Labour colleagues rises from their failure since they came into office to carry out, for the advantage of the war effort and of the world, so much that was within their grasp and what they are supposed to stand for. They allowed themselves to be overwhelmed by Mr. Churchill and the Conservative Party machine. As for Sir Kingsley Wood, he is in the Cabinet because he was a smart Conservative Party organiser. Mr. Greenwood is there because he was Deputy-Chairman of the Labour Party. Everyone knows that he ought not to remain there. He does so because everyone likes him. Mr. Churchill is not interested in post-war reconstruction anyway.

* * *

A friend who knows the United States as well as any Englishman sends from New York an interesting commentary on Lord Halifax as Ambassador. He was in Cleveland when Halifax arrived just after the egg-throwing episode at Detroit. My friend says that Halifax always beats down opposition and goes through a most gruelling schedule with great spirit. "When he paid his first visit to Chicago the *Tribune*, most vitriolic of anti-British and Isolationist dailies, devoted a most complimentary editorial to him. Those who meet Lord and Lady Halifax are always captured by their manners and their simplicity. It is hearsay that he has to fight against." That confirms my impression from other sources. He wins through with enhanced personal respect in spite of the handicap of being an aristocrat associated with Munich. (In the United States the appeasers are the most violent and intolerant anti-Municheers just as the most violent Hun baiters in this country are often those who were the strongest Chamberlainites.) Halifax survives the most shocking mistakes—the fox-hunting error among the most glaring—and he often plays into the hands of tough newspaper boys, who regard a fox-hunting peer as fair game. I do not question this encomium. I have been myself affected by the Halifax charm. But the questions at issue are not whether the British Ambassador can personally overcome his handicaps and retrieve his mistakes, but whether it was sense to appoint as ambassador a man with so many handicaps to live down; secondly, whether no one could be found to advise him in the United States, so that these errors were not made, and, thirdly, whether when he does succeed the England he represents is the one we wish to see represented. Only to-day an American told me that there is a widespread view in the U.S.A. that we are fighting this war to preserve aristocratic Britain. Are we?

* * *

I see that this point is made by Will Lawther, President of the Mineworkers' Federation, who has just returned from a visit to the U.S.A.

Cash for all dead
PAPER

Amongst other people there, he saw John Lewis, and he described his interview in the *Daily Telegraph* of November 29th. Lewis, he tells us, did not think the British aristocracy worth fighting for, and he met others who thought it would be worth while " to aid a democratic Britain, but not a Britain of class and prestige." Lawther says that " something must be done about this "; he suggests that " somebody of standing who knows the British Labour movement " should be appointed to a position close to the Ambassador " to interpret it to interested Americans." Two comments seem to follow. The first is that Labour is unlikely to find any one better qualified to fulfil this job than R. H. Tawney, who went out to Washington this summer, and, the second, that it seems not to have occurred to Lawther that the way to stop Americans thinking that Britain is fighting as an old-fashioned aristocracy is to show that it is, in fact, a democracy. If, for instance, in spite of innumerable resolutions about no industrial conscription without conscription of property, complete industrial conscription is carried through without even the mines being nationalised—a Government pledge back in 1919!—how can the most accomplished interpreter of British Labour explain British democracy to " interested Americans? "

* * *

I notice that Will Lawther refers to " gate-crashers " now in the U.S.A. This seems to be a hit at W. J. Brown, who is now speaking with very great success in America. Sir Walter Citrine, whose feud with W. J. Brown is of old standing—there is the vexed question of the breakaway of his union, apart from other causes of difference—sends a fierce denunciation of Brown by cable to the States.

W. J. Brown is said to have made some remark about the A.F. of L. and C.I.O. and the advantages of knocking their heads together. Green, of the A.F.L., is said to have complained. As no one even thought Brown was representative of British Labour and as no Civil Service union can be affiliated to the T.U.C., it is not easy to see the point of Citrine's intervention. W. J. Brown speaks as W. J. Brown; no one who hears him is likely to be deceived about that.

* * *

The Save the Children Fund runs play centres in public shelters, and its workers, who expressed themselves very clearly at a conference last Saturday, are deeply concerned about the conditions of London children. One trouble is the absence of recreation for the children. Naturally they run in gangs, with the usual result of gang crime such as theft. And the older boys are getting, many of them, big money for youngsters; they have no idea of saving it and no way of spending it except on drink and their girl-friends. More serious still is the lack of education. The evacuation of the schools, and the dispersal of the health-visitors to war-work, means that many children are having no schooling at all; after two years they even forget how to read. The conference pointed out that in Stepney there were no schools open between August, 1939 and March, 1941, and there is still a waiting list of 200 in this borough, for whom the schools have no accommodation. The University Settlement House day nursery at Bethnal Green has 24 children and a waiting list of 106. A Bermondsey worker said that the children who had been evacuated showed greater ability than those who never had gone. The conference urged greater evacuation of the under-fives, especially in small groups in charge of a warden in private houses; and sufficient wartime nurseries in danger areas for such children as cannot be sent away. But the Ministry of Health does not, I'm told officially recognise the existence of infants in London, and the L.C.C. objects to their coming back. The pressure comes from the Ministry of Labour which wants creches so that the mothers can go to work.

CRITIC

THIS ENGLAND

A 5/- prize for the first entry in this column goes to K. D. Adamson

Paste entries on postcard or slip of paper and give details of origin. Address to THIS ENGLAND, 10 Great Turnstile, W.C.1.

The Australian Prime Minister, Mr. Curtin, in a statement commending sport in moderation as good for the moral of the people, said that a series of Test matches between Australia and England should be played immediately after the war, as an effective way of demonstrating to the world the characteristics of the British race.—*Evening Standard.*

For many years I have been an advocate of fair play for princesses. At present they are the playthings of chance; one day they may be heirs to a throne, the next they may be relegated to a back seat.—Letter in *Hornsey Journal.*

We must get right with God first and foremost, then we can expect blessing, but not till then. God blessed England during Queen Victoria's reign so that we had the largest Empire the world has ever known, but He can also take away those possessions when we do not know Him. Honour to whom honour is due.—Letter in *Church Gazette.*

Stock Exchange jobbers have been aggrieved to find themselves classed with bookmakers in the last order of the paper control, which forbids the publication of jobbers' lists, in common with bookmakers' circulars and betting lists. The order could be circumvented by some such device as charging a small nominal fee, but the Stock Exchange considers that this kind of evasion would not be in keeping with its dignity.—*News Chronicle* City article.

COME INTO THE ARMY, MAUD

(A.T.S. Adventure Through Service. Daily advertisement.)

COME into the Army, Maud,
Your hours of ease are flown,
Get into the Army, Maud,
They are waiting for you alone,
And the word of command has been wafted abroad
And the fall-in finally blown.

You were blind to the ads. in the daily press,
So they got you, sweet, on the run;
You would not pop into the battle-dress,
Though the War Office said it was fun,
You would not become an adventuress
In the ranks of adventurous A.T.S.,
Where brave girls cook for the Sergeants' Mess
And the batwoman busily bats.

You have failed to volunteer
So at last you have met your fate;
There has risen a splendid cheer
From the Commons holding debate.
The Air Force cried: " She is near, she is near! "
But the War Office muttered " We wait! "
The Navy trolled " She is here, she is here! "
But the Army barked " She is late! "

Queen weed in the garden of Service girls,
You may sigh till the war is through
For gloss of ermine and glamour of pearls,
Or even a uniform blue.
De-rouge the nails, and prune the curls,
And into the A.T.S. with you!

SAGITTARIUS

IT'S A WAY THEY HAVE IN THE ARMY

[The following reaches us from a firm whose name and address are in our possession. We are assured that " petrol is no longer wasted in the Army."]

The standard army lorry is marked " Load not to exceed 50 cwt."; this is a safeguard against overloading when the lorries are used on rough ground. Actually the lorries, in civil use, would be 4- or 5-tonners and can easily carry these loads on good roads. Frequently they must do so under service conditions whatever the state of the roads.

I recently had some goods to deliver to a regiment stationed ten miles away, but, my transport being engaged, I requested the Army authorities to use their own. They were told that the load was just over five tons. To move this they sent three army lorries, 15 soldiers, and two N.C.O.s. Normally we carry more than this load with one lorry in charge of one man.

On another occasion we had about 1,000 tons of material to move, half to be carried by the R.A.S.C. and half by a private contractor. Here a fair comparison of method was possible. The private contractor sent a 15-ton lorry, in charge of one man, which made two trips per day and was loaded both ways; the whole matter was arranged in a few minutes by telephone. The solution of the problem by the R.A.S.C. was not so simple and direct. First an officer arrived in a car driven by a soldier, to discuss the arrangements. For a fortnight nothing else happened. It was learned that the officer had gone on leave without taking any action. Eventually, rather spectacular action was taken, for one day a convoy of four army lorries arrived, headed by a corporal on a motor cycle and an officer in a car driven by a soldier. Each lorry was in charge of two men—but all the men helped to load each lorry in turn and all waited until the last was loaded, when the convoy, with its escort, set out, carrying altogether ten tons—the regulation 50 cwt. per lorry, or five tons less than the single civilian lorry. At the other end of the journey all lorries waited until the last was unloaded, when they reformed and, preceded by the escort, returned to the works empty.

I had a chat with the officer and tried tactfully to point out that more journeys per day would be made if the lorries worked independently, and that the escort was unnecessary. He agreed—but said he was obeying Army Orders. The escort was the only person who had a map and he preceded the convoy to direct it. I suggested that his drivers were quite as intelligent as the drivers of the civilian lorries—who could find their way to strange places all over the country. He dared not make such a revolutionary suggestion to his superiors.

The next day there was a hitch; it appears that drivers—even when willing and able—are not allowed to load their own lorries, it is contrary to Army Orders. Four R.E.s were therefore sent from a barracks some miles away. They loaded the lorries whilst the drivers lounged about and smoked or went out for refreshment. When the four lorries were got away in convoy, the R.E.s had nothing to do until they returned four hours later, so it was the R.E.s turn to rest and take refreshment.

It would be no exaggeration to say that all the army transport could be done by civilian contractors at one quarter the present cost and a handsome excess profit made for the Exchequer—but this would be profiteering. Since this could not be allowed, we must hope for the army to put its own house in order and do the necessary work with one quarter the number of vehicles now used, one quarter of the petrol, and less than one quarter of the man-power.

COMBINATION IN THE OIL INDUSTRY

[The author of this article writes from long and intimate experience of the oil industry. Its continuation will appear next week.]

PETROLEUM was probably the first important raw material to fall into the hands of a monopoly. But the oil industry, then largely situated in America, was broken up into a number of smaller units by the Sherman Anti-Trust Act, and the earlier part of the present century saw a highly competitive industry composed of a large number of companies, many of which had previously been parts of the all-powerful Standard Oil Company. Subsequently the process has been reversed.

In common with practically all the larger fields of business enterprise, the oil industry during the last thirty years has combined into more powerful units. At the outbreak of the present war the European oil business was mainly controlled by two large international groups. But as there existed a number of other companies the markets in the different European countries were the subject of quota and price agreements in which the two major groups were predominant but in which, frequently, other interests were represented. Such markets were occasionally attacked by outside enterprises who attempted to sell their products in these lucrative areas. This usually resulted in price reduction and other forms of industrial warfare. In such warfare the major companies were by no means always successful, but on the occasions when they were unable to exterminate the competitors the result usually was a treaty by which the competitor either sold out to the majors or entered into the ring and was given a quota.

There is no doubt that during the last twenty years, technical development has made it necessary to employ larger units and larger capital. Whereas two decades ago a refinery of one to two thousand barrels per day was a full-sized economic unit capable of operating with efficiency equal to the largest refineries, the minimum economic unit (except in special circumstances) is now in the neighbourhood of ten thousand barrels per day, and the cost has increased from around one hundred thousand pounds to over one million pounds.

The marketing and transport sides of the oil business have also called for bigger units and larger capital. Entrants into the business must possess one or more million pounds of capital. In the lubricating oil section of the trade the position is somewhat different. At the end of the last war lubricating oil was sold by a very large number of small independent merchants. The position now has changed considerably. The large oil companies now each possess a retail sales organisation, and consequently the proportion of the trade going through the hands of the small independent merchants has been much reduced.

I do not consider that the large companies are appreciably more efficient than the small ones; in fact, in many cases they are much less efficient. Probably on the production side there is no advantage to the very large unit. In the fields of research, however, we must give credit to the large companies for many of the most important recent technical inventions. In my opinion, the tendency towards the all-powerful international group has been brought about less by the causes above than by others, amongst which are political influence, the power of propaganda (including advertising), and the advantage which accompanies large capital in patent litigation.

It may be accidental, but it is nevertheless remarkable, how the action of the British Government has helped the large petroleum companies. In the recent dispute between the oil companies and the Mexican Government the latter attempted to sell their products on the British market. Had this market remained open it would have enabled the Mexican Government to dispose of the bulk of their products at reasonable prices, and it would have been very difficult for the interested companies to produce a virtual blockade of Mexico.

Immediately before the war both Germany and Italy were badly short of foreign currency, and though they were free to buy oil in the open market the sellers would only have sold in exchange for free currency. The barter agreements which they were able to obtain with Mexico were only possible because the Mexicans could not obtain free currency sales, and there is no doubt that the stock of oil both in Germany and Italy at the opening of hostilities was very largely obtained by barter from Mexico. The action of the British Government in practically forbidding the purchase of Mexican oil by buyers in this country was undoubtedly of great help to Hitler in his preparations for the war.

The action of the British Government at the time of the Moscow trials was certainly very favourable to the oil companies. The arrest of certain British engineers on a charge of sabotage coincided with a violent price war between the R.O.P. (Russian Oil Products, the selling agency for the Russian Government) and the major companies in this country. At the same time, Sir Henri Deterding, who was in control of the activities of the Royal Dutch Shell, was carrying out an intensive propaganda against the Soviet Union. Petrol was being sold much below the cost price at that date, and in retaliation for the arrest of British subjects the Government put an embargo on the importation of Russian oil. This action concluded the price war by completely crippling the R.O.P., who never recovered from the blow.

The excess profits tax undoubtedly reacts in favour of large combines, not only in the petroleum industry, but in all business. In wartime a number of small separate companies will be differently affected by the fortunes of war. Some will make great profits, some great losses. Those who make large profits pay away these excess profits in taxation. Those who make losses get no compensation. The net result is an average loss. If these same companies were amalgamated and became one company the losses of one section would now be covered by the profits of the other, and the amount of taxation paid would be greatly reduced.

Under the heading of propaganda comes not only advertisement but also influence on the editorial columns of papers.

I recollect many years ago making analyses of certain oil products which were published in a paper. Their analyses indicated that certain little-known products were of approximately the same quality as some of the very heavily advertised brands which sold at higher prices. This immediately brought complaints from advertisers, and the publication of these analyses had to cease.

Advertising on the national scale is only practical to very large concerns who are distributing over a wide area. A small company marketing in the south of England will be wasting money if it advertises in a paper which is distributed over the entire British Isles. Therefore the markets which are influenced by this class of advertisement must be handled by big companies selling the same brand of product throughout the country.

There is no doubt also that the high cost of litigation is of advantage to the rich or large companies. This particularly applies to patent litigation. It requires a very brave independent company in any class of business to fight a case on highly complicated technical matters against one of the large groups whose capital amounts to hundreds of millions of pounds.

The cost of patent litigation on highly technical subjects has also brought about a tendency towards combination. Several years ago the most important process in the refining of oil was the cracking process. This was a method of converting the heavier oils into motor spirit by treatment under pressure at high temperatures. The subject was one covered by a very large number of patents, and the entire position was extremely involved. At one time litigation on cracking patents in the United States was costing the litigants over one million pounds a year, and as a result the more important patent owners grouped together into a Pool, after which the only litigation was between those outside the Pool and inside the Pool. The process companies which controlled the Patent Pool are now themselves partly controlled by the major oil companies. Probably the most important patent which has ever existed in the oil industry has been a patent for the use of tetra-ethyl lead as an anti-knock agent in petrol. It is controlled by one of the large companies, and was in England only made available to the major companies and their associates. During the life of the patent the smaller independents could not obtain tetra-ethyl lead, which undoubtedly hampered their activities very considerably. In the United States this discrimination was not permitted, and the company were compelled to sell to independents, though this was only decided after the owners of the patents had lost a lawsuit taken against them for restraint of trade.

Petrol has during recent years been the most important of the oil products; it has consequently been the field of some of the hardest fighting. The major companies have used the exclusive buyer's rebate with great effect as a measure to eliminate independent activities. Under this form of sale the owners of pump installations for petrol distribution are asked to sign a document that they will not buy petrol from companies outside the combine. If they do not sign this document they have to pay more for petrol from all the ring companies. The latter effect is obtained by cancelling a rebate, not by direct increase in price, but the result is that it is not a commercial proposition for a large pump station mainly equipped with Combine pumps to add an Independent pump to his station. This type of activity has not been applied in America, as legislation there would not allow this form of discrimination.

X.

CRUSADING CAMPAIGN

A RISING tide of violent religious opposition to Nazism can clearly be discerned in all occupied countries, including Germany itself, where the Roman Catholic Church has a following of 48,000,000, the Protestants, since the incorporation of Austria, a little less. The clergy has started a large-scale crusading campaign, strongly supported by the population. Twenty-nine Roman Catholic bishops and prelates have protested from their pulpits against the injustice inflicted upon the Roman Catholic creed: "It concerns the existence of Christianity itself. Hundreds of thousands of copies of a book were distributed in which it was declared that the nation has to choose between Christ and the German people. We refuse to make such a choice. We love our people, and, if necessary, will die for our people. But, at the same time, we live and die for Jesus Christ and remain bound to Him in all eternity." The Bishop of Münster has been arrested because he denounced from his pulpit by name all members of the Nazi High Council, including Hitler, Himmler and the Gestapo. He declared: "The cold-blooded murder of the so-called demented or the incurably ill or the very old is being used as pretext to kill those who were neither ill nor old." The Schwarze Korps, exasperated by the stubbornness of religious

opposition, attacks the clergy's successful resistance by declaring: "These priests want to kill the joy our soldiers find in waging war. They never pray for victory." The secret "Christian Radio," presumed to work from Germany, and broadcasting in different languages, urges every Christian "to follow the leadership of the priests and co-operate in the overthrow of anti-Christ Hitler."

Three hundred Polish priests are exiled, interned or killed and Church property has been confiscated by the Nazis, the use of Polish language in churches and confessions forbidden. Also, signs of deference, worship or sacrifice to the Virgin and the Saints have been prohibited. By all means and the most brutal methods, the Nazis try to crush the Christian spirit; they confiscate statues of the Virgin and Saints; they lock the churches or turn them into barracks—but the Poles continue to worship, the priests continue to officiate at the risk of life and freedom. "We obey only God and our conscience, and we are ready to die for Him now and evermore," said a Polish priest. He was arrested in his church and shot as a "traitor."

Religious resistance in Holland is voiced by the pastoral letter of the Archbishop of Utrecht and his four episcopal colleagues, and headed: "Non possumus non loqui! The Reichskommisar has decreed that the Council of the Roman Catholic Workers' Union must suspend all their activities. This means the destruction of the Roman Catholic Workers' Union, as its moral and religious tasks can no longer be performed. You know that we have warned you many times against the dangers of National Socialism to the Faith. . . ." It was announced from all pulpits that Sacraments were to be refused to the Catholic who was known to support the Nazi movement, "because this not only threatens to hinder the Church in its duties in fundamental matters, but also because it seriously endangers the Christian conception of life of all those who participate in it." Church notices in Roosendaal's paper *Grondvet* announced that Mass will be sung in St. Cornelius for fallen Dutch, Belgian, French and British soldiers. Germans were not mentioned. In the Hague a well-known preacher ended his sermon by asking God's blessing upon the Royal family in exile, the Dutch Government in London, and fellow preachers in concentration camps, and "if it pleases God, also on those oppressing us." He was forbidden to repeat this blessing. The following Sunday he declared from his pulpit: "And here follows the prayer we must speak in our hearts only——"

In Norway the religious front has considerably disturbed the Nazis. The first clash between Church and Nazism occurred when seven bishops, led by Bishop Berggrav, wrote to the Quisling Minister of Culture and Education, pointing out that the "Hird" (quisling stormtroopers) were destroying law and order in Norway by their brutality, "trampling upon the Christian ideals for which the Church had always stood." He protested against a recent decree which abolished the right of secrecy of doctors, lawyers and the clergy on matters entrusted to them in the fulfilment of their duties. "To abolish this Magna Carta of Conscience is to violate the innermost being of the Church." He ordered this letter of protest to be read in all the churches. Police prohibited the reading and confiscated copies. But the message reached every congregation and was read throughout the whole country in spite of authorities ordering the police to attend services. The attitude of the clergy and congregations is such that the Quisling paper *Fritt Folk* declared in its leader: "Things have happened recently which show that the whole Christian population of Norway stands united against the Nasjonal Samling. Christians mobilise all conceivable wickedness in order to knock them down." In a speech to the Juridical Association in Oslo, Bishop Berggrav proclaimed: "When truth becomes sacred to us, it can create martyrs . . . above all laws and all force stands God, who speaks to our conscience." The new Quisling paper *Christian Union* voices the anxiety by declaring: "The Christian Front is difficult to conquer." In Denmark, popular pastor Geismar preached on "Despotism" at the opening service for Parliament: "A despot rules the world with blood and iron. At best, such despotism destroys itself. Only those who have God in their hearts are able to rule others." And Kay Munk, the fearless author-priest, wrote recently in his Sunday sermon in *National Tidende*: "Christ ignored the Roman hordes and their world-embracing power. Hate thrives in the sinister world of oppression. One day it will grow into one giant shoot which will overthrow what seemed rooted for all eternity."

The religious Maginot Line in France stands firmer than the genuine one. Archbishops and cardinals urge the clergy in occupied zones to "get in closest contact with the suffering people, who are in great distress." It is the small French clergy, *le petit curé de village*, who are heading the crusading campaign, hampering and disturbing the Nazis. And against these anonymous servants of the Lord the Nazis concentrate their hatred by ordering persecutions, deportation and imprisonment. In Lorraine alone more than 300 priests have been expelled because of their stern refusal to cooperate with paganism. Metz has by now only three priests, and densely populated towns like Château Salines and Dieuze are being served by "travelling missionaries." The Gestapo tried to prevent the church service in Château Salines altogether by locking the church. But the priest entered by the side-door, rang the bells, forced open the main entrance and preached before a huge congregation: "This is *MY* church, and after my God and my bishop, I am the master here." He spoke French, strictly forbidden by the Nazis.

In Belgium undeclared war is being waged. And *Pays Rêel* admits the anxieties Nazis seem to resent: "The representatives of an unintelligent Church in Belgium are apparently determined to do whatever may link their cause with that of the former regime of British plutocracy . . . the Church and clergy in Belgium link their fate with what must and shall disappear. In Belgium a cruel conflict between the Church and the Popular (Nazi) State seems avoidable, but the chances are very small." *Het Laatest Nieuws*, Brussels, reports that a priest refused to give the Host to uniformed Flemish Fascist Youth. When asked for his reasons, he replied that Cardinal Von Roey had forbidden to give Holy Communion to pro-Nazi formations arriving in uniforms or groups. *Hier Dinaso* (Ghent) declared recently: "The Cardinal has chosen England's side against Germany; he has banned from communion all pro-German organisations; he has chosen the enemy's side . . . does the Cardinal wish to provoke persecution of the Church?" With Nietzsche we say: "War and courage have done bigger things than the ideal of neighbourly love."

In Czechoslovakia and in Austria it is the small clergy, again, who are heading and leading opposition with fearless courage. The importance of this crusading campaign is stressed by Wladimir d'Ormesson in an article, "Victory of Christianity": "We know that Christianity is not only capable to give salvation to the spirit, beyond any human limits, but also here upon earth to humanity itself. We are invincible, but we behave like defeated. If we co-ordinate our faith and our will-power, Christianity can defeat any heresies. When will all Christians in all countries realise this?"

ELISABETH CASTONIER

ON NOT BEING A SCOTSMAN

I HAVE often half-wished—for a moment or two—to become a naturalised citizen of some country not my own. Not that I had suddenly become hostile to my own country, but on stepping into a strange country for the first time I have sometimes felt an exhilaration, an awakening, as though I had arrived in an earthly paradise. I had this feeling when I first drank the air—and the wine—of France in the neighbourhood of Boulogne. Perfection seemed to lie everywhere about me under the summer sun, though I was afraid to eat mussels, and did not like veal, and was uncertain whether it was right to use dogs as beasts of burden. The people were alive in a way to which I was not accustomed: they seemed even to enjoy work and to set about it as grimly and as gaily as if it were a football match—a spectacle unusual among the island races. And how beautiful their voices sounded: the French still seem to me to have the most beautiful voices in the world, as at top speed they pronounce their scarcely intelligible language. And their gestures—no other nation can at a moment's notice become a star company of Coquelins and Bernhardts as a crowd of Frenchmen can on merely being asked the way to the next village. The French certainly entranced me to a point at which I could forgive them even their hedgeless fields and their absurd decimal system.

Then came Italy. I defy any man to go to Italy for the first time and not wish with half his heart for a second or two that he were an Italian. I do know one man who set out for Italy and, arriving at Milan, was so horrified by the sight of the cathedral that he turned tail and made back for home. But Milan cathedral is not Italy: like the decimal system, it is something to be forgiven among so much beauty. The hill-towns, the olives, the white oxen ploughing among the olives up where the vines clamber, the sunny unusurious faces and the peacock voices of the people, the patched Joseph's-coats of sails on the lakes, Dante—how exciting a poet he is to buy and read in a little pocket edition if you do not know Italian!—the swallow-tail butterflies, the cicadas' song, zabaglione, the cypresses in the valley of the Arno, even the picture galleries, conspire to make one feel that it would be a blessed thing to be born an Italian.

On Sunday night, as I listened to the St. Andrew's Day programme on the wireless, I found myself similarly half-envious of those who had had the good fortune to be born Scotsmen. As "Highland Laddie" swung out on the pipes, my chameleon soul became tartan-coloured. I remembered with pride that one of my grandmothers was a Carmichael and that one of my aunts married a Cameron. Pipe music will convert anybody but a tone-deaf man into a temporary Scotsman. And to what a flow of heroic narrative this was an accompaniment on Sunday evening! Homer's men were nothing to these Scotsmen—this race of Umslopogaases—who have dominated battle after battle throughout the generations from Blenheim to Tobruk. One of the first stories told to me over the nursery fire was the story of a Scottish regiment fighting in the Crimean War—how the Russians jeered at it, imagining because of the kilts that a regiment of women was approaching, and how at the charge they scattered before it in amazed confusion. There was a poem about it which my nurse quoted, containing the line—if I remember right:

And blood ran red on the Alma.

As I listened, I should not just then have objected to having been born a Scotsman.

Yet, in my normal moods, though I liked the Scots, I had no desire to be one of them. I hated the name "Ulster Scot," which is

sometimes applied to the Presbyterian inhabitants of my native province. To call a Northern Irishman an Ulster Scot seems to me as ridiculous as it would be to call a Scottish Highlander a Caledonian Irishman—which, from a pedantically racial point of view, he is. Ever since I met a Gaelic Leaguer with a genius for discovering an Irish origin for every name from Smith to Cholmondeley, however, I have stoutly maintained that my surname is an English corruption of O'Flynn (otherwise "O'Lynn") and have supported this statement, usually disputed, by pointing out that my people come from the O'Flynn country. In my dislike of being anything but Irish I even wished as a boy that it were not possible on a clear day to see that part of Scotland known as the Paps of Jura from Portrush. These visible pieces of Scotland I regarded as an intrusion on our island remoteness.

Yet I had close links with Scotland even then. It was near Oban during a summer holiday that I first learned to walk—a sort of walk, by the way, that reflects no credit on Scotland. It was on the front at Oban that I was run over by a penny-farthing bicycle which, passing over my face above the eyebrows, left a groove that is still visible and may have disturbed the balance of my brain for life—the first adventure in a far from Odyssean career. Later, when I was at school, my favourite authors were Scotsmen—Scott and Stevenson: all the other novelists I would gladly have given in exchange for these two. They are now both grossly underestimated writers to-day as a result of the conquest of fiction by the heresies of psychology. To realise what a master Sir Walter Scott was, read *Redgauntlet*.

Later, when I came to Manchester, I met a number of Scotsmen, whose acquaintance confirmed me in that affection for Scotland which Scott and Stevenson had inspired. Among them was Jimmy Heddle—that radiantly smiling perpetual youth who died the other day. I remember how, on going home with him from work for the first time in the early hours of the morning, I said good-night at my lodging-house gate and how he looked at me with strong approval and said: "Thank heaven, you don't shake hands like these b—y English." At this I felt that I had been admitted into a select club. There was another Scotsman who never dared to return home till his parents had gone to bed for fear they would discover that he was not a teetotaller. In his endeavours to maintain his reputation as a teetotaller with his family, he used to stay in the public houses till closing time, after which, though not a journalist, he would continue drinking at the Press Club till he saw double. What an attractively maudlin figure he was as, with his head bent low over the club piano, he played *The Old Hundredth*, a favourite tune of his! You could see that he felt it, for he wept as he played—that human mixture of piety and liquor that you find in the poetry of Burns. When he reached the street, he would stop his friends under a lamp-post and sing very loudly: "'Tis the march . . . 'tis the march—'tis the march of the Cameron men." After which he would make for home and creep up the stairs to bed, conscious of his virtue in having saved his parents from the knowledge that he was not so much of a teetotaller as they believed him to be.

Not all Scotsmen are so virtuous as this, but most of them are virtuous at heart. Burns is the perfect prophet of such a nation with his love of goodness and his pleasure in not so goodness. John Knox is often said to have imposed on the Scots an iron view of life, but, from what I know of Scotsmen, I should say that he left them with an elastic view of life, a many-sided understanding of human nature. What if he was a Puritan? Who with any imagination about life could help being to some extent—in theory—a Puritan? Puritanism and *The Jolly Beggars* go together. The Scotsman at his best, I should say, is a Puritan and an anti-Puritan rolled into one. Heine, because of their Sabbatarianism, described the Scots as "pork-eating Jews." Well, there are worse things than being a Jew, and worse food than pork.

The English, of course, make jokes about Scotsmen, for the English are a simple people and fond of fun. It has always seemed to me strange, however, that one of the best English jokers, Charles Lamb, not only made jokes about the Scots but professed an ineradicable antipathy to them. How odd that so whimsical a writer should have failed to appreciate so whimsical a people! I like particularly the grim whimsicality of the inscription on the memorial to some martyred Covenanters in the Cathedral in Glasgow—a poetic inscription which ends with a comment on their persecutors:

> They'll know on the Resurrection Day
> To murder saints was no sweet play.

Is not "no sweet play" a perfect example of whimsical meiosis?

For myself, I am inclined to like everything about the Scots except the way in which they misspell the English language. I like even their Sabbath Day which, incidentally, unlike the English Sunday, makes allowances for that noble traditional fiction, the bona fide traveller. I like the talk of those who talk and the silence of those who keep silent. Above all, I like their pipes and the sight of the Black Watch marching, and their boastfulness about their great deeds. They have only one serious fault that I know of: they are too careless about money. That is one reason why, after all, I do not regret that I was born, not a Scotsman, but an Irishman.

Y. Y.

THE DEBATE ON "18B"

[The Government's decision to refuse a free vote and to challenge a division on the Address on the issue of 18B had the result of leaving the issue open in the minds of many people. We publish below an impression of the debate by an experienced observer of English politics and of the House of Commons. Mrs. Dugdale is the niece and biographer of Lord Balfour. Next week we hope to publish the views of a legal correspondent on various suggestions that have been made to amend 18B.—ED. *N.S. & N.*]

THE Government's refusal to consider any modification of the powers of the Home Secretary under Defence Regulation 18B is not to be the last Parliamentary word on the subject. The movers of the Amendment to the Address intend to return to the charge, this time taking it to a vote. Nobody who followed last week's debate will be surprised. The discussion revealed growing uneasiness inside the House of Commons about the responsibilities which Parliament had put upon the Home Secretary, and the disquiet was manifest in all parties. Mr. Morrison's handling of the Debate at the finish may also have had something to do with the determination to reopen it.

The Amendment referred to "the grave concern now felt in this House at the abolition of any judicial safeguard for the liberty of the subject," and asked that no person should be detained beyond "a definite period" without right of appeal to "an independent tribunal." All agreed that the Home Secretary must keep the right to arrest on suspicion; the point was whether it should be possible to shut people up indefinitely, perhaps for years, on charges which are in the mind of the Home Secretary, but which he is under no obligation to disclose to anybody, least of all to the person detained. This is the position created by the Regulation as it stands, and Sir Irving Albery, who brought forward the Amendment, provided a personal illustration of the recent movement of opinion in the House. For when the Regulation was first criticised and modified from its original form in October, 1939, Sir Irving himself took little interest in the subject. Like many others he was content to know that "some kind of agreement had been reached with the government." An Advisory Committee was assisting the Home Secretary in his review of cases. There seemed to be little complaint. At that time the House averted its mind from the details of a procedure which it felt to be as hateful as it is necessary for the safety of the realm. But towards the end of 1940 two causes were already contributing to disturb this comfortable state of mind. First, Parliament was attuning itself to the idea of a long war. Flight Lieutenant Boothby showed the result of this in the Debate: "Many of us thought that the powers which we are now discussing would be used by the Executive to imprison people for a period of days or weeks, or it might, perhaps, even be months, during a period of great emergency; but they are now becoming powers used to sentence people to what amounts to penal servitude for an indefinite period of years." Against this background considerable anxiety arose when it became known that the Home Secretary had, in quite a number of instances, acted contrary to the recommendations of his Advisory Committee. (Mr. Morrison has given the House the figures up to date: Out of 1,567 cases on which the Committee reported, he had rejected their advice on 89). This raised several disquieting points—among them the question of whose advice Mr. Morrison took in preference to that of his own Committee. Was it perhaps of the Security Department—in other words, the same body who, in the first place, advised the arrest of the persons detained? The absence of any binding limitations on the Home Secretary's freedom to take arbitrary decisions began to dawn upon Parliament. Last month a judicial decision of the House of Lords showed that the Regulation does not at present contain certain safeguards for the liberty of the subject which many members had believed to exist. Hence this Debate. It was not due to pressure from outside, although the feelings which inspired it find strong reflection in the country. It arose from a sense of the direct responsibility of Parliament for the present situation. The House of Commons is in process of converting itself to the view that it has made a mistake. But, as the Debate showed, it has yet to convert Ministers.

The sense of collective responsibility was bound to express itself more through an appeal to the Government to help the House out of the difficulty, than by concrete suggestions. A purely judicial tribunal might not be the body best fitted to advise the Home Secretary, though there was general desire that the processes of law should be much more used, particularly by providing legal assistance for the interned person. But if the Government would take note of the feeling behind the Amendment, they could best construct the remedies.

Mr. Morrison's reply to the Debate banged the door on such hopes. He stood pat by his personal responsibility at every stage. So eager was he to keep Regulation 18B unaltered, that he advocated a Division on the Address. That being equivalent to a Vote of Confidence, this suggestion seemed to upholders of political unity at the present time a startling use of Parliamentary tactics, the more surprising because speakers to the Amendment had all along made clear why they would not ask for a vote. The rules of Parliamentary procedure are not apt to interest the public very much. But the effect of their use, or misuse, on the national front concerns everybody. We owe a debt to the supporters of the Amendment for their determination not to take Mr. Morrison's "No" for an answer, while avoiding the pitfalls of the Division Lobby. Last week's Debate showed the House of Commons as vigilant a watch-dog of our liberties as ever in its history.

MRS. EDGAR DUGDALE

THE LUCKY DRAW

ILLYA SPIRITOV, a bookbinder by trade, won five thousand roubles in a government lottery.

For a few days Illya walked about, stunned, shaking his head, spreading his hands and repeating:

"Well, well. . . . What a thing to have happened to me! Is it really true, friends?"

Then, having adjusted himself a little to his unexpected fortune, he began to figure out what sort of things and how much he would be able to buy for this great sum. According to his calculations, he could buy so much that he shook his head again and gave it up in despair.

As I was one of his old friends Spiritov would drop in to see me at least twice a day, and tell me, every time with some new details, how he had heard of his wonderful luck, and what wonderful emotions he had lived through on that happy day.

"Well, what are you going to do now?" I would ask him. "What are you going to buy?"

"I'll certainly buy something," Spiritov would say. "Wood, for instance, for heating the stove. Various things for the kitchen—new saucepans, and so on. Trousers for myself, of course."

Some time later he received a whole pile of new chervontzi notes from the State Bank and disappeared without a trace. In any case, he did not drop in on me for at least two months.

But one day I met Illya Spiritov in the street.

A new light-brown suit was hanging on him like a sack. A pink necktie was working itself up to his face and tickling his chin. Illya pulled it down every other second and spat with anger. It was obvious that both the new suit with its narrow waistcoat and the smart necktie were a nuisance to him and spoiled his enjoyment of life.

Illya Spiritov himself looked very much thinner and older than when I had last seen him. His face was yellow and unhealthy with many small lines under the eyes.

"Well, how goes it?" I asked.

"Well, so-so," he replied, gloomily. "I've bought some wood, of course. But otherwise, life's not much fun."

"Why's that?"

Illya made a despondent gesture and suggested we should go to a beershop.

There, tugging at his pink necktie, he said:

"I can't understand all this talk about the bourgeois. They'd make you think that the bourgeois life is as sweet as a raspberry. Well, I've tried the bourgeois life myself—I've been a capitalist. And it isn't half as sweet as you'd think."

"Isn't it?"

"Well, now, just listen a moment," Spiritov said. "Listen and judge for yourself. Did I not quarrel with all my relatives—my own and my wife's? I did. That's one thing. Was I not served with summons by the People's Court because of citizeness Bykova? I was. That's another thing. The case hasn't been heard yet. Isn't my wife crying her eyes out, sitting idle on the linen chest? That's a third thing. Didn't burglars break into my flat? They did. Even if they didn't carry away much, it's a trouble for me. Don't you see that I can hardly leave the flat now for fear the burglars will come again? But it's a bad thing to stay in the flat all the time, because my firewood is outside in the yard, and it's being pinched. I bought quite a lot of wood, and I've got to keep watch on it."

Again Illya Spiritov made a gesture of despair.

"Well, what are you going to do now?" I asked.

"I don't know," said Illya. "I could hang myself. From the very first day on which I got the money all my misfortunes began. Until then I'd been living quietly, without trouble, and all of a sudden—bad luck from every side.

"As soon as I got back to the flat with the money I saw that things weren't as they should be. All our relatives were there, of course. As a rule no one comes, but on that day there they were, sitting on all the chairs. Congratulating me.

"Naturally, I gave each of them a few roubles, as a sort of gift. But Mishka, my wife's brother, didn't think it was enough.

"'You ought to be ashamed,' he says, 'to give us two roubles each when you yourself have got a fortune.'

"Words followed words, then thumping on the table, then fighting. Who hit who, it was hard to tell. And Mishka snatched my new overcoat off the peg and dashed out with it.

"So I'd quarrelled with my relatives and began to live on my own.

"I bought various things, of course. Some saucepans, and buckwheat enough for two years. Then I began to think what else to spend my money on. I looked at my wife—she'd been killing herself with housework, knowing no rest.

"'That's no good,' I thought. 'Although she's a woman, still she's got some rights. Enough, I thought. I'd engage a girl to help her. Let the girl cook and clean the pots, and my wife have a rest.'

"So I engaged a young girl. The little slut cooked the soup and my wife just sat all day long on the linen chest and cried. When she'd been working she was cheerful, but now she's resting she's crying all the time. You see, as she's unoccupied, she just sits and thinks, and remembers all the misfortunes that had happened to her; how her father had died, how she had married me, and such like things. All sorts of nonsense began to enter her head as soon as she had nothing to do.

"Well, I gave her some money, of course, and told her to go to a club or a theatre. 'I'd come with you myself,' I told her, 'but you see yourself, I've got to keep watch over the wood.'

"A few days later the president of the House Committee calls on me and says:

"'Look here,' he says, 'by what right dare you exploit child labour? Why,' he says, 'haven't you had the girl Bykova registered at the House Committee?' I'm going to prosecute you before the People's Court, and I don't care a damn whether you've won five thousand roubles or not.'"

Illya Spiritov shook his head dolefully, tugged again at his necktie and became silent.

"It doesn't sound too good," said I.

"It's downright bad," he agreed, with animation. "Even now, as I'm sitting over my glass of beer, the worry's gnawing at my inside. Perhaps this very moment they're pinching my firewood? Or perhaps the burglars are trying to break into my flat. And I've got a new samovar there. So I don't feel like staying, and I don't feel like going home.

"And at home—there isn't much fun. The wife's crying—she's afraid to go before the People's Court. Mishka, her brother, is sure to be hanging around, trying to get into the flat and pinch something, the son-of-a-dog! Och, it would have been better if I'd never won that money!"

Illya paid for the beer and squeezed my hand with a melancholy look. I was trying to think of something to console him, but suddenly he said:

"Let me see, when is it the new lottery results are coming out? Quite soon, isn't it? I wouldn't mind if I won another thousand or so to make it up to an even sum."

He tugged at his pink necktie, nodded to me, and walked off hurriedly in the direction of his home.

MIKHAIL ZOSHCHENKO

(Translated by Elisaveta Fen)

THE MOVIES

"Sergeant York," at Warner's
"Hi, Gang," at the New Gallery
"Waiting for Baby," at Cameo News Theatre

Perhaps it is merely that this film comes at the wrong time, that after two years of one war we don't want revivals of the last; whatever the reason, *Sergeant York* does not export well. We know in advance the crowning anecdote—more than a hundred Germans captured by the sergeant and his men—and we know how Gary Cooper, wearing his halo disarmingly, will play the part. This robs the story of an important element of surprise. The result is a film one knows in advance, that lingers like its lanky hero and seems twice as long as its two hours. The peace years drag on towards 1917, with the future sergeant scraping the soil in a forgotten valley, shooting up the night and then getting religious, and when conscription comes he registers as a conscientious objector. Here again, though, surprise is ruled out. We know when York settles down on a rock ledge in the sunset with an American history and his bible to think things out, how the conflict will end; there only remains a curiosity to see how it's done—in this case in a melodramatic fade-out. The episodes in France are as exciting as they can be in the circumstances; the return home to confetti-showered streets, and to the forgotten valley where a mother and a sweetheart are waiting, completes the adventures of the mobbed and already legendary York. The film is agreeably and even at moments touchingly acted (Walter Brennan, Joan Leslie and Margaret Wycherly deserve mention), Gary Cooper's well-known reluctance and charm are given a new frame, some of the earlier scenes especially are authentic. Yet for English audiences the essential *pietas* is missing.

Good comic films are so rare that the name of Vic Oliver lured me to *Hi, Gang!* Vic Oliver himself, with plastic features and outlook, and an accent as individual as Mr. Churchill's, is delightful. He is the irrepressible, reproachful, queasy, eternally festive third party; unfortunately, we can't have him alone, there must always be the gang, too. *Hi, Gang!* has far too much, for my taste, of Ben Lyon and Bebe Daniels, who may be good for a couple of songs, but whose matrimonial wrangles up and down stairs and round a microphone seem to me very poor fun. However, for those who can warm to music-hall in the cold light of the screen, this film has gay spots.

Let me draw attention, by the way, to a number of old Benchley films doing the rounds in news theatres. Benchley is, I think, the only author who comes out of Hollywood as good as he went in. If anything, celluloid has improved his style. I'd rather see his *Sunday Morning Siesta* and *Letting a Flat* than read them in the *New Yorker*. *Going to the Pictures* will appeal to all picture-goers, and especially poignant is *Waiting for Baby*, showing at the Cameo (Polytechnic) this week. This day in the life of an expectant father has golden moments of embarrassment.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

PLAYS AND PICTURES

Leslie Hurry and Corot, at the Redfern Gallery

Mr. Hurry is a characteristically English painter. He is intensely literary, which may not be a disadvantage; he is luxuriant and undisciplined, piling detail upon detail regardless of plastic values; he has a gift for pretty decorative colour; he even has that taste for detailed surface ornament which we find alike in Anglo-Saxon illuminations, Elizabethan miniatures, in Blake, and nineteenth century illustrations, such as Beardsley's. The filigree or tattooing that proliferates over Mr Hurry's canvases is almost infantile in its excess. It is useless to-day to recommend a year in Rome and Florence—it might be useless to do so even in better times, because Mr. Hurry probably is too English and too little interested in pure painting to accept such a discipline.

Whether or not the hand of Corot was responsible for the little paintings attributed to him is, except from the financial aspect, unimportant. We know that Corot could and did paint very feebly, so that they cannot modify our opinion of his gifts. But the particular sort of feebleness shown in some of these *détrempes* is surprising, if they be by Corot. Apart from their history, one argument for their authenticity is that a faker would presumably imitate Corot more effectively. One or two of these little pictures, and especially the drawings, must be allowed to have great charm.

Correspondence

INDIVIDUAL ENTERPRISE

SIR,—In your leading article of November 22nd you wrote that "individual enterprise ceased to matter long ago."

I feel that I ought respectfully to suggest to you that this view is profoundly mistaken. If that is so, it is a profound mistake upon a matter of such importance that its propagation by a voice so influential as your own ought not to pass unchallenged.

Avoidably or not, capitalism, as it has developed up to now, has produced appalling evils. But it may be extremely important that those who have such opportunities as yours to influence the formation of public opinion, shall not let their perception of those evils blind them to other considerations.

Except in such blindness is it really possible to say that "individual enterprise has ceased to matter?"

Individual enterprise, in the sense in which I understood you to be using those words, has made available to a modest purse an enormous variety of things (including THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION) highly desirable both for happiness and for efficiency. If a man of small means desires for amusement or for some weightier motive to engage in any of a host of different activities, he finds that individual enterprise has provided all ready for him a multitude of books, often quite inexpensive, and of special apparatus, and so on.

The total yearly turnover in the requirements of, say, amateur musicians or gardeners on a small scale may amount to a fairly considerable field for the profit-seeker, but the total yearly turnover in, for example, the special books and apparatus required by float-fishermen or collectors of insects or players of chess can be only trifling in relation to that in commodities needed generally. Moreover, in that trifling total turnover the individual items are almost all a matter of pence or shillings. Yet, the beginner in any of these fields finds all ready at his disposal the results of much knowledge and thought and careful effort.

In face of all this, ought "The New" or any other statesman to say that "individual enterprise has ceased to matter?" If enterprise ceased to be truly individual, should we get this vast volume of infinitely various initiative, ceaselessly working to discern and provide for new demands and to surpass the previous provision for old?

Can mankind, still so plainly in—thank Heaven!—their early infancy, safely decide upon the strength of their infant knowledge and judgment at once to root up, rather than attempt to prune and train the tree that has produced and that is producing this fruit?

J. SPEDAN LEWIS
John Lewis Partnership, Ltd.

[Mr. Lewis must be pulling our leg. By "individual enterprise" we meant the system of private capitalism which is everywhere giving way to various types of public control. We know of no Socialists who want to curb individual enterprise in books or float-fishing; we are Socialists in the interests of individualism.—ED. *N. S. & N.*]

BY-ELECTIONS

SIR,—The fact that over seven thousand Hampstead electors voted for the official Conservative candidate—who opposed the Second Front and deplored the demand for the dismissal of the "Munich Gang"—may seem depressing to the millions who feel themselves frustrated by the Electoral truce. It should be borne in mind, however, that none of the three "freak" candidates fought the election on a national programme or had any sort of organisation behind him. Such a programme, outlining what are believed to be the views of the majority of patriotic democrats, has been drawn up by the British Democratic Movement, which aims at cutting across the existing Party formations and establishing a United Democratic Front. Whether this movement—or any other which may emerge, with similar objects and a more powerful backing—succeeds or fails, depends on how soon the electorate wakes up to the fact that the Conservative caucus, thanks to the Prime Minister's personal popularity, is once again in almost full control. Sir Roger Keyes has hinted that Mr. Churchill is not in all respects a free agent, and it is obvious that as the leader of a discredited Party he is handicapped in his efforts to unite the nation for total war. The emergence in the House of Commons of a United Democratic Opposition, free from the discipline of the Party whips, would be a powerful support to the nation's will to victory. If rank-and-file Socialists and Liberals do not find an opportunity to use their votes before it is too late, they may discover that democracy in this country has expired, "not with a bang, but a whimper." Should Mr. Herbert Morrison wake up one fine morning to find that, as a result of a Cabinet reshuffle, he has only been keeping a place warm for Sir Samuel Hoare, even he may regard Regulations 18B and 2D in a somewhat different light. Meanwhile, at Oxford, the Minister of Information has issued a salutary warning. "People who maintained," he said, "that pre-war England was dead for ever were making a very great mistake." Those escapists who spend their time drawing up chimerical plans for post-war reconstruction, instead of devoting their energies to working *now*, for "victory through democracy"—which means through the ballot-box—may live to see his ominous words come true. One decisive democratic triumph at the polls will have far more effect on the present Government than all the leading articles in the press and all the pamphlets of "discussion groups" put together. This can only be achieved by an organisation which secures mass membership. Many of us hoped that the 1941 Committee, under Mr. J. B. Priestley's able presidency, would step into the breach, or, to change the metaphor, break the ice. The opening of a new restaurant, however desirable, will help neither to give us a people's victory nor to prevent a return to "Chamberlain's England," enforced by concentration camps for democrats. Only votes can save us, while the opportunity for using them remains.

DOUGLAS GOLDRING
Kingsley,
Bordon, Hants.

THE N. S. & N.

SIR,—I have read your paper for a good many years now and disliked its politics as often as not. That is because you have always been trying to change a world I like, or at least prophesying changes that I do not like. I never much liked the Fabian Socialism of the founders of the *New Statesman*, and I resisted as long as I could the more libertarian form of that Socialism after the *New Statesman* blended with Massingham's *Nation*. But I have to admit, looking back, that you were right about the economic changes that had to be made and which are being made badly now because they were not made, as you advocated, in time of peace. Similarly, on foreign affairs you had a policy of international organisation which seemed to me to threaten the independence of small nations, including Britain, but it is obvious that you were right and that we shall have to go that way or all go to hell.

Why do I write this to you? Because I heard a Mr. George Orwell trying to be clever at a Fabian lecture the other day, and he made the preposterous statement that he had never seen anything constructive in THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION. Constructive! How often I've wished you would stop being constructive! Since the war I have followed you fairly carefully; you've had a pretty definite line of social reconstruction at home and known clearly enough what you were fighting for and with whom you wanted to join up with abroad. I notice that in one thing after another from the Russian alliance to rationing on the point system and education in current affairs in the Army you have had a constructive policy which the country has picked up and adopted bit by bit. If this is not being constructive, what is? You have not got your Socialism or the propaganda you asked for, but you have known what you wanted and got some of it.

Mr. Orwell, whose outlook on life seemed to me in the past that of a disgruntled anarchist, has now decided to be smart at the expense of the "Left." But while the poor old crotchety NEW STATESMAN AND NATION has been, in fact, pouring out a flood of constructive ideas ever since the famous supplements of the Webbs and Leonard Woolf in the last war up to the sermons and suggestions you pester us all with to-day, Mr. Orwell, as far as I know, has never said a constructive thing about any public issue. Let me repeat, I dislike many of the constructive proposals you make, but I see they are constructive, and I see no alternatives, so I rise to champion the old NEW STATESMAN AND NATION, which has, I am glad to see, upheld its head bravely in the moral and physical blitz.

CONSTANT READER

BLOCKADE

SIR,—In your issue of last Friday a letter on "Blockade" criticised the "widespread publicity given to further cuts in German consumption, especially of clothes."

The reference was clearly to the newspaper and radio stories which resulted from a weekly Press Conference at this Ministry.

Your correspondent Dr. Balogh argues: "If the cut in German consumption could really be attributed to the lack of specific raw materials which cannot be used for any other purpose, and if it entailed unemployment of those hitherto used for their production or finishing, this rejoicing would be comprehensible." This sets us a high standard before we are allowed to be cheerful. It is difficult to think of any conceivable civilian hardship in Germany which would pass this test. If German civilians were naked and starving, it would no doubt be argued that raw materials which might have provided them with food and clothes were being used for other purposes, that the naked and starving workers (who had been working on these materials) were now fully employed on war production, and that therefore we had no grounds for rejoicing.

That is a *reductio ad absurdum;* but the fact is that the old-fashioned theory that a clear distinction can be made between production for civilians and the army is out-moded by total war. German civilians work for the war machine and any hardships which affect their health and morale are a blow at the war machine.

At the Press Conference in question it was made clear that the effects of our blockade can naturally be expected to reach first the civilian population and only last the army. The effects of blockade in the last war were being felt in 1917, but it did not prevent the German spring offensive in 1918; blockade none the less contributed greatly to Germany's defeat. And the recent 40 per cent. cut in the civilian clothing ration of Germany itself is a proof that our blockade is beginning to have its effect where you would expect it to.

There is no doubt that it is due in great part to shortage of raw materials. The whole of German Europe produces 9 per cent. of the cotton and 59 per cent. of the wool requirements of Germany alone. In fact, there are signs that the textile shortage in a small way is affecting even the German army; German soldiers in Norway and Rumania have all had to give up one of their three blankets for their comrades on the Russian front. German prisoners captured in Libya have uniforms which give no adequate protection against cold at night.

Further, the Germans recently made very great efforts to secure additional supplies of cotton and wool from Turkey. They were prepared to devote man-power to produce the exports to buy these materials. In view of these facts, it is clear that the cut in the clothing ration is not due to any voluntary decision of the Germans to release more man-power for the forces.

The letter went on to claim that the publication of the successes of blockade implies that substantial further efforts on our part are not required. By such reasoning it would be undesirable to publish news of military or naval victories, or even the recapture by the Russians of Rostov. The publication of real successes, military or economic, is, on the contrary, good for morale, as the Prime Minister recognised when he urged us to be gay as well as grim.

Finally, the letter refers to "predictions" of the Ministry of Economic Warfare "disastrously rebutted"; informed criticism from responsible quarters is valuable; it would have been helpful if the letter had been specific on this point.

JOHN RAYNER,
Press Officer
Ministry of Economic Warfare,
Berkeley Square House, W.1.

ENDS AND MEANS

SIR,—In his review of *Grey Eminence*, Mr. Raymond Mortimer suggests that the summit of saintliness may be to sacrifice one's personal perfection to save the souls of others; that, having decided on the desirability of a particular end, one should not be so spiritually self-centred as to leave the dirty work to others. This seems to me to provide excellent whitewash for all sorts of well-intentioned crimes, from political assassination to the shooting of hostages. No doubt the German authorities in France were convinced of the desirability of preventing their officers from being murdered on dark

nights, and not being in the least spiritually self-centred, they shouldered the very dirtiest work to achieve their end. Superficially, that end may have been achieved, but the method of its achievement carries within it the seeds of ultimate frustration. You can flog a child into learning a lesson, and the means may triumphantly appear to have justified themselves. It will not be so easy to trace its later effects upon the industry of the man. Nor is it easy to trace, through and beyond the irrelevant intoxication of victory, how the fiendish methods of modern warfare condition and frustrate those ends at which they once aimed. We think we made *avoidable* mistakes in 1918–1919. I am not so sure.

Mr. Mortimer is anxious to make the pacifist feel ashamed of letting others do the dirty work of winning the war to secure for them a world in which pacifism can exist. Besides the assumption that the war is going to secure the freedom it aims at, this misrepresents the position of pacifists altogether. The pacifist wants the cessation of this wholesale slaughter, destruction and starvation, not peace achieved by conquest. He believes that a victorious peace will be based on the permanent militarisation of the countries which elect themselves to police the world, a prospect even less favourable to the pacifist ideal than that of Denmark, or of a totally disarmed Germany, quietly and industriously going about her civilian business.

I am profoundly and humbly aware of the courage and skill and devotion of those who drop bombs, though I cannot assess their "moral elegance," but it is surely unreasonable to expect the pacifist, who doesn't believe that this war can either justify its price or achieve its purpose, to assist in prosecuting it by means as evil to him as plain murder.

DONALD GILCHRIST

Airton, Skipton,
Yorkshire.

[Mr. Mortimer writes: "I agree with almost every sentence in this admirable statement of the pacificist case, but Mr. Gilchrist does not deal with my chief contention—that peace, like victory, can be achieved only by the use of bad means, such as the surrender of refugees. Let us not be deceived by words: what the Nazis call 'peace' does not, in my opinion, deserve this noble name, since it entails the persecution or annihilation of those to whose race or opinions the Nazis take objection."—ED., *N. S. & N.*]

BLACK MARKET

SIR,—No one in the Ministry of Food would deny the existence of "black markets" in food. But Mr. Andrew Hardy's article in your issue of November 29th invites the following comments:

(1) "Mushroom" firms setting up as middlemen are finding their activities progressively curtailed by the Food (Restriction on Dealings) Order of August 20th, 1941, which prohibits trading by persons not licensed by the Ministry of Food. It is an offence to sell or to buy from an unlicensed firm. Wholesalers who might in the past have been prepared to supply such middlemen are now unlikely to risk the withdrawal of their own licences to trade.

(2) "Points" rationing of canned meat, canned fish, etc., from December 1st onwards makes disposal of these goods to "black market" merchants singularly unattractive. When the retailer sells "points" food, he can replenish his supplies only by handing over the "points" that he has collected. Every tin disposed of illegally diminishes his possible turnover in successive periods. Also from October 29th to November 30th there has been a ban on the retail sale of these goods, and any retailer selling despite the ban has similarly diminished his possible trade.

(3) Mr. Hardy complains of a margin of 3 lb. per cwt. which he states is allowed for evaporation in butter. The margin in question is allowed for cutting up, not for evaporation, and is hardly excessive when the hundredweight of butter has to be packeted in quantities as small as 2 oz. and rarely greater than a lb.

(4) Mr. Hardy states that most creamery or factory butter contains 8 per cent. or 9 per cent. water, and that the retailer then "whacks" extra water into it up to the legal limit of 16 per cent. I do not know on what authority Mr. Hardy makes this statement, but it seems unlikely that the butter manufacturers with appropriate machinery at hand for blending in more water, will sell butter that contains so much less than the legal maximum. The statement that 25 per cent. water is permitted in dairy butter is incorrect; the Food and Drugs Act, 1938, prescribes a maximum of 16 per cent. for *all* butter. "Milk-blended butter" may, it is true, contain up to 24 per cent. water, but it must not be sold as "butter."

(5) Coupons (apart from those used in the new "points" rationing) are not detached by the retailer, and have not been for nearly a year. They are merely cancelled and left in the book. Admittedly, this is open to just as much objection as when coupons were cut but not counted; but has Mr. Hardy any practical suggestion for counting some 300,000,000 coupons weekly? In practice the supplies sent to a retailer must depend on the number of his registered customers, rather than upon coupons cancelled; but the retailer has to use his marginal supply to meet the demands of casual unregistered customers holding Emergency Ration Coupons.

(6) A maximum of 2*s.* 6*d.* for hotel meals might limit the number of customers for "black market" goods, although a proprietor providing accommodation as well as meals could still make his profit by shifting the charge to the item for accommodation, but has Mr. Hardy considered the implication of such a maximum price imposed on all catering establishments with their wide range of rents and other overhead charges?

R. WENTWORTH,
Ministry of Food
Information Officer.

Portman Court, Portman Square,
London, W.1.

A HOWLER

SIR,—Your contributor writing under the caption "Black Market" makes a grave misstatement when he says, in relation to his alleged black market in petrol, that an allowance for "evaporation" of "roughly 10 per cent." is allowed to the retailer. "That is quite sufficient to provide a profitable and illegal 'black market,'" he adds.

The allowance mutually agreed between this Association, representing the retailers of petrol, and the Petroleum Department of the Board of Trade is 1 per cent. This allowance has to cover evaporation, excessive measure, booking errors, etc.

GEORGE W. LUCAS,
President

The Motor Agents' Association Limited,
201 Great Portland Street,
London, W.1.

[We apologise for printing a most egregious error.—ED., N. S. & N.]

RETRIBUTION

SIR,—With "Norwegian's" statement that "our duty is to limit the uncontrolled punishment of war criminals as far as possible," I agree, but not at the expense of undertaking such large-scale retribution ourselves. The rabbit who eats her young for fear that somebody else may injure them has never yet been upheld as an example of high political wisdom. It is essential for the future well-being of Europe and the world that we should keep our hands as clean as possible, and that we should inflict no avoidable violence. Retribution which results from the unfortunately uncontrollable anger of greatly provoked individuals and groups—and which is inevitable—will be far less detrimental to goodwill than the organised, cold-blooded and necessarily greatly delayed justice of reprisible governments. It may be politically necessary to remove certain people from circulation temporarily or permanently, and without malice, not because of what they have done in the past, but because of what they may do in the future.

Coombe Cottage, DAVID LAWSON
Haslemere.

SWORD OF THE SPIRIT

SIR,—In your issue of November 15th, Mr. Sidney Dark was good enough to write, "while gifted Roman Catholic writers like Christopher Hollis are among the most vigilant critics of democracy, there is in the Roman communion a Left wing movement, inspired to some extent by the writing of Jacques Maritain. This movement has been focused in a Society called The Sword of the Spirit." It is always flattering to be paired against oneself, so may I explain that I am a member of the executive committee of The Sword of the Spirit!

CHRISTOPHER HOLLIS

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BOOKS IN GENERAL

THERE seem to be no grounds for believing that Victorian sermons were dull; on the contrary, they appear to have been as exciting to the Victorians as the Elizabethan drama was to the theatre-goers of the 16th century and we may even trace to this cause the poverty of the Victorian theatre. And do we not have to go back to the Elizabethans before we find anything comparable to the Victorian histrionic sense? All the world's a pulpit, in this period, and all the men and women merely preachers . . . We live with the echoes of their adjuration and rhetoric still ringing in our ears.

Among all that din, amid the sobs of Dickens, the sermonettes of Thackeray to his puppets, the ecstasies of Ruskin, the voice of Carlyle is easily the most arresting, his gestures are the most extravagant. He is, theatrically speaking, by far the best show. Is it his rough provincial accent which catches us? Are we attracted by the lash, the war-drum and the incantation? (The desire to be whipped out of the temple has filled many churches with money changers.) Do we enjoy a fight or respond to the exhibitionism of an unrestrained egotist? We do not, I am sure, go for Carlyle's doctrine, for if we did we should be living now either in Germany or the Isle of Man—but for the human being. Or, since really Carlyle is rather a painful human being, for the actor. He is the great cheapjack auctioning off the big intuitions, the inspired quack and charlatan who takes your eye off his goods and directs it to his person. For this reason, it is unprofitable to conduct an argument with Carlyle. The contradictions and confusions, the passions and paradoxes, are as hard to define as shapes seen in a fog.

Looking at the many Carlyles who present themselves we seem to see two elementary ones: the Carlyle of the stage and the style, and the off-stage Carlyle without the style. *The Life of Sterling* and the *Reminiscences* belong to this second person and in reading them we become happily aware that there was a man behind the charlatan. The addicts of total egotism subside from time to time into moods of chastened humility, and when Carlyle experienced this, notably after the death of his wife, he became readable in a lasting and non-gymnastic sense. A touch of the old vanity, spoiling for a quarrel, no doubt made him publish Sterling's praise of *Sartor* (Montaigne and Rabelais were surpassed, in Sterling's opinion) and Sterling's blasting criticism of the book also. But few of us were brought up on the *Sterling* or the *Reminiscences*. They were not the books which struck his contemporaries, though those readers who hoped for a sting from the old hornet had only to look up the portrait of Wordsworth to find the poison mildly but unmistakably at work. We turn rather to the Carlyle of the Style: to *Sartor Resartus*, *Heroes and Hero Worship*, *The French Revolution* and *Past and Present*, and there, as the inspired harangue begins, we see time has brought sinister changes. It is hard to know what influence a writer has on his own times, but it seems to me that in England Carlyle's influence had little practical effect. We protest, as he did, against the cash nexus, but do not call for a hero to remove it. Even D. H. Lawrence, Carlyle's successor in the cults of incantation and intuition, did not call for a hero—or did not live to exchange powerful gamekeepers for power politics. We admit "the revenge of the instincts," but more science, not less, has been the answer after two generations. The English in their age of power, the Victorian age, found Carlyle's attacks subtly flattering and his influence was ephemeral when one compares it with that of the opposition, such as Bentham and Mill. Where Carlyle had influence, as we know too well, was in sending his coals to Newcastle, in sending back to Germany his German-made ideas, packed in a moral wrapping, which must always have seemed incredible, pathetic, but of course very flattering to the compatriots of Nietzche.

On this it is so easy to be unjust to Carlyle that I recommend the curious reader to look at *Heroes and Hero-Worship* again and things like his essay on Dr. Francia in the *Miscellaneous Essays*, and then to take a course of Mr. C. F. Harrod's extremely scrupulous *Carlyle and German Thought, 1819–1834* at the same time. This academic critic is unsparing, but he reminds us, after we have thrown down the essays on Odin, Mahomet and Cromwell with apprehension, that "for Carlyle the average man was far less a mere instrument in a metaphysical revelation and far more a free responsible agent (in the old puritan sense) than for Fichte."

There was a confusion in Carlyle's thought, made by the turgid mixing of the Puritan and Germanic streams, which enabled him to create vague, uplifting myths marked by fevered heat-spots and comic warts of incidental detail, but which insured that this thought should not be dynamic in the German sense, because it was a hybrid. All that happened was that the Victorians, who were already powerful, saw themselves as perhaps ugly but always transcendental heroes. Mahomet was domesticated, if not for the hearth, then at any rate for the anti-papist rostrum. And Cromwell could confirm the rude manufacturer in what he romantically needed—a sense of history. One has seen this among other radicals of the picturesque kind: as with Cobbett, it is hard to know when they are reactionary and when revolutionary. When Carlyle describes his heroes arising out of "the wild heart," or "the wild bosom" or "the deep bosom," of Nature he is really restating the doctrine of *laisser-faire*, the social consequences of which he hated, in mystical terms.

The similarity to present-day Fascist outpourings is quite another matter. Here Carlyle is a wonderful case history, in his person and in his writings. Inferiority, despair, half-education combined with terrific will, vanity combined with masochism, and a thirst for power muddied by hypochondria and misanthropy are all in his character. There was a taste for ruin in his nature which responded at once to the crimes of the Terror and to the idea of "the twilight of the Gods." The first was due to the wrath of God, the second is transformed into a new Dawn by the magical appearance of a leader. The leader himself is a force of nature and nature is always right (? because it is forceful). Asked what Nature meant, asked what anything meant, Carlyle rarely answered; the answer was that it meant whatever suited him at the moment. The justification was that he *felt* the meaning, and as one contemporary said of him, he believed not in truth, but in earnestness. His whole outlook depended upon such a lack of definition, and it never seems to have occurred to him that the mind, the scientific and mechanical genius of man and man's training of his instincts, came from "the deep bosom of nature" also. Another significant Fascist trait in Carlyle is his lack of real feeling. I do not refer to his unhidden admiration of the ruthless, but to the fact that so much of Carlyle's feeling is acted feeling. Exaggerated self-pity turns to messianic anger with a sob in it—"*poor* Cromwell," "poor Dr. Johnson," etc.—there's a posture, a sob or a taunt in every emotion he feels. He had to *stage* every emotion just as in Germany the Nazis staged the ordinary man's feelings for his home, his family, the land and so on, and in doing so falsified the feelings. Every emotion of Carlyle's had to be given a medal for valour or nobility, and so was cheapened.

This histrionic and unreal view of the human heart vitiates what otherwise might have been true statements. There is the important idea of self-abnegation and sacrifice which was first revived, very effectively, by Fascist writers. Carlyle was before them with his

> Difficulty, abnegation, martyrdom, death are the allurements that act on the heart of man,

a line which is subtly poisoned by the word "allurements." The histrionic may be "allured"; propaganda may tell us we ought to be allured; but we must all have been struck, in the last two years of war, by the fact that ordinary people who have done the difficult, the self-sacrificial and the brave, have been moved by simple necessities of the heart and not by titillation or flattery.

But once on the stage, Carlyle is, of course, a master. Time and Eternity are the back-cloth and before it he contrives dramatic and sardonic meetings. Dandyism and Drudgism—from *Sartor Resartus*—for example, are a characteristic pair of opposites from the new *Everyman* or the new *Pilgrim's Progress*, and Carlyle is brilliant at these picturesque inventions. His talent lay in the fertility of this kind of comic anthropomorphism, his ability to put the abstract and even the most elusive intuitions into grotesque, concrete form. They give, at his best, an interesting account of self-mockery. For this reason, even though he distresses, there is always something festive and fantastic in the angry display. The invective snarls like brass and jeers like cymbals. He laughs, shows his teeth, but the teeth bite. His grin is commoner. At its best it approaches his version of the humour of Odin:

> A great broad Brobdingnag grin of true humour is in this Skirymir; mirth resting on earnest and sadness as the rainbow on black tempest.

But mirth and grinning are rarer than his jeers and they are not very honest jeers either: at the berline for example which took the King of France in his flight to Varennes, one of those very earnest and violently untruthful pieces of Carlyle narrative. Then there are things like the clever quiet sneering at Wordsworth. A man whose Brobdingnag grin was really Brobdingnagian and not an actor's mask, would have had, one feels, the geniality to recognise greatness in at least one of his contemporaries. I cannot trace that Carlyle ever thought a contemporary great, though by some, in his chastened moments, he seems to have been moved to pitying admiration. The great, one suspects, were in the past safely out of the running, waiting to be turned into myths by the national mystifier. They were nearly all, it turns out, as we examine *Heroes and Hero Worship*, thunderers, fanatics, despots and hypochondriacs. The really great of his own century, men who had extended science and who had not gone in for power, Carlyle ignored.

V. S. PRITCHETT

BACK TO THE LAND

English Farming. By SIR JOHN RUSSELL. *Collins.* 3s. 6d.

Approach to Farming. By FRANCES DONALDSON. *Faber.* 7s. 6d.

Such as I Have. By BARNEY HERON. *Murray.* 8s. 6d.

When one looks back on the rhymes and tags that one learnt in the nursery, it is to be surprised at the predominantly pastoral character of most of them. Rats, cats and other monosyllables talk in front of a rural backdrop, in which round corn stacks, granaries on steddles and mills are to be distinguished. From these rhymes one builds up a feeling that one knows something about this rather archaic, simple, business of growing crops and producing milk or cream, and that it might be a rather jolly, easy, old-fashioned way of living and escaping from the troubles of the mechanical world. A fairly heavy output of literature ministers to this feeling, with woodcuts printed on hand-made paper showing the curlycues on the peak of cornstacks, quaint buildings and interesting heavy-made carts built like boats, and the texts describe lovingly methods which died some fifty years ago. A surprisingly large number of people dream of retiring into this archaic arcady as soon as they

have a few hundred pounds . . . many shocks wait for those who do. For instance—49 acres of plough land is a very small venture which few people would dread to take on, and there is nothing frightening about the idea of cropping it with 20 acres of wheat, 10 acres of sugar beet, 12 acres of oats, 5 acres of kale, and 2 acres of potatoes, it sounds like a nice easy beginning. But the production cost per acre of the various crops are: wheat, £9; sugar beet, £23; oats, £8; kale, £17; and potatoes at least £30, and all this must be paid out before any money comes in; over and above anything spent on equipment there must be £650 to carry the farmer round the year from the seeding to the sale of the harvest. On a small holding with such an acreage of arable there might well be a small dairy herd—say, ten cows. This ties up at least £350, and in a field where profit is a matter of split pence. To the lay eye there is a very small difference between a cow giving 1 gallon a day and a cow giving 1½ gallons, but at the year's end one has given 365 gallons and the other 547½ gallons, a noticeable difference with milk at 1s. 6d. The profit is affected largely by the yield, obviously enough, but the profit shows a steeply rising curve for a reason which is not obvious. A cow needs so much to keep it alive and well, and it needs so much for every gallon of milk it gives off. These are the maintenance and production rations respectively. Home-grown bulky foods are commonly used to provide the maintenance ration, and concentrates provide the production ration—in a typical case the first is made up of mangolds, hay, oat straw and oats to a total weight of 57 lb.; and the second is composed of bean meal, crushed wheat, groundnut cake, and maize gluten meal, weighing 3½ lb.; the comparative costs were in peacetime 11.41 pence and 4.13 pence. Thus it costs 15.54 pence to keep your cow to its one gallon average, and you will have .46 of a penny to throw about for every gallon you produce (2s. 7d. a week on ten cows). For two gallons the figure is 19.67 pence, which gives you a gallon cost of 9.83 pence (and your week's pay is lifted to £2 7s. 6d., provided you are doing all the work yourself). These brute facts lie behind the pails of rich creamy milk standing in the whitewashed dairy, and behind the golden corn rippling in the wind; no amount of aesthetic or mystic feelings about blood and the soil will gainsay them. The eighteenth century is over in farming which has long been under the iron rod of the chartered accountant.

Approach to Farming and *Such as I Have* might be described conveniently as the right and wrong ways of going into farming. Mrs. Donaldson goes into farming on a commercial scale to make a business of it under modern conditions: she read up the subject, took a course at a farm institute, took advice on the sort of farm to take on, and then settled in, adequately financial, to carry out a reasonable operating policy. She is a cosy, prattling, lady—

> I had known Mary ever since, as Mary St. Clair Erskine, an impertinent, unselfconscious, enchanting schoolgirl of sixteen, she had jumped on me out hunting with the Crawley and Horsham

—but she knows her stuff, and her route into farming is the only one that can give any security, comfort or peace. Mr. Heron, on the other hand, went in by the hard road, and became partner in an Irish small-holding . . .

> But the farm was not for us merely a hobby . . . it had to succeed. We didn't expect it to keep us all, with motor-cars, tobacco, and meat for dinner every night. But if things got really bad: if Ernst's source of income fizzled out: if when my three months' salary was quite exhausted I couldn't find some other way of making money, then the farm just had to keep all of us at subsistence level. It would be all we had . . . there were eight of us, and eight people don't get very fat on a seventy-five acre farm.

Mr. Heron faces one from a frontispiece with the scornful humorous look of the Dublin wit, and his writing is the easy anecdotal flow that one would expect. The story of failure and slow contraction unrolls charmingly, frankly, and instructively. The book could not give a better picture of an attempt to achieve the legendary peasant bliss, nor of the wide gulf between the world of new books and modern pictures and the limited world of the small-holder. It is interesting to compare the two writers' methods of approach to the matter of buying a dairy herd. Mrs. Donaldson has the money to buy healthy stock from reputable breeders; Mr. Heron is forced to buy in the crooked and disease-ridden open market. This is probably the simplest point to use for demonstrating the extent to which the dice are loaded against the small man; probably 60 per cent. of the dairy cows which pass through the open market suffer from diseases which not only make them uneconomic, but are also too easily communicable to human beings through the agency of milk.

English Farming is a publication from a series of booklets on various aspects of English life published at the instance of the British Council for propaganda purposes. The essay by Sir John Russell is an excellent, compact treatment of the subject which gives all its essentials in an agreeably lucid form; it might well be studied by the English reader. This essay is, however, introduced by a curious effusion which recalls the wildest nonsense of Fascist oratory. The following passage is, surely, not the authentic voice of England?

> We British are hard and virile, and we must have overseas trade to build up a high standard of life; but the cut price, get-rich-quick idiom was beginning to spoil that hardness and virility. The by-products of that past epoch were over-intellectualism, spiciness, and hyper-stimulation of feeling, too-glamourous movies, a rootlessness showing itself in artistic distortion; pavementism. These things were an emanation of the same system that produced the dole queues, slums, malnutrition, the class war. The war has brought us back to the fundamentals of life . . .

The book is illustrated with a number of paintings and watercolours selected with unusual taste. Three harvest pictures can only be described as enchanting, Stubbs's *Reapers* from the Bearsted collection, a Hereford scene by G. R. Lewis, and a water-colour by William Turner of Oxford which represents the English water-colour at its very finest. The British Council giveth, however, and the colour-process taketh away; the reproductions are of unsurpassed vileness.

ANTHONY WEST

ROMANTIC HISTORY

The Great Within. By MAURICE COLLIS. *Faber.* 21s.

Mr. Collis's book, singularly good of its kind, is an almost perfect example of the sort of history-writing against which the Materialists are in reaction. It is anecdotal and romantic. It attributes political cataclysms to the moral shortcomings of individuals ("persons of disreputable character had usurped the authority" . . . page 89) rather than to the inherent weakness of the bureaucratic system. It sees in "Confucianism" the cause rather than the product of China's static social economy. Indeed, although "the interactions of China and Europe from the seventeenth century to the present day" (page 7) centred almost wholly round trade, Mr. Collis tells us very little about how this trade actually worked or what effect it had upon the general economy of China and Europe. It is well known that the Western countries paid in silver bullion rather than with goods. This vast movement of silver must have had results far more important than those produced by the vagaries of the concubines and eunuchs who in Part I fill so large a part of Mr. Collis's stage.

He has used comparatively few sources, and all of them are European. But several, such as Father Bernard's works on Matteo Ricci, are unlikely to be known to the general reader, and the author has woven together his material in a smooth and skilful way. The story of how we set up our "Sphere of Co-prosperity" in the Far East, from the time of Charles I onwards, backed by cutlass and blunderbuss, is told by Mr. Collis chiefly in extracts from contemporary memoirs, with a detachment that, despite its tone of bland indulgence, by no means lacks an undercurrent of satire.

The first episode in the book, which at its opening seems likely to afford the author ideal scope for his method, peters out rather ineffectively. The last Ming prince fled to

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Burma as an exile in 1659. He settled at Sagaing on the Irrawaddy, a few miles south of Mandalay. Now it so happened that in 1928 Mr. Collis was appointed Deputy Commissioner of Sagaing. The author evidently feels that out of this coincidence something picturesque, even dramatic, ought inevitably to arise. It fails to do so because the contingence was hopelessly one-sided. Mr. Collis knows all about Sagaing, but Sagaing has ceased to remember anything about the last of the Mings. From the anecdotal point of view, little is known concerning the Ming prince's last years; and from the historical, the residence of this once royal personage at a small Burmese town had no importance whatever. New forces were operative in China, and the movements of this or that Ming prince were of as little significance as those of some Russian ex-duke or White general in Chicago to-day.

The second part of the book centres round the activities of the Jesuits in China and the influence of their Chinese studies upon European thought. The strong card of the Jesuits was their knowledge of astronomy, and in particular their ability to foretell eclipses accurately. The Chinese people were extremely superstitious about eclipses, and the *literati* who ruled China gained enormous prestige by being able to announce them beforehand. Ricci himself only laid the foundations for this prestige. Arriving in China in 1582, he died in Peking in 1610 without ever having set foot in the palace. But he had, as Mr. Collis remarks, "gathered round him those members of the scholar class who had a taste for mathematics and science." Already, in the twelfth century, Confucianism had opened a way for science by misinterpreting a phrase in the standard Confucian work, *The Great Learning*. Henceforward *chih wu*, the plain meaning of which is "attracting creatures" (*i.e.*, dragons, phoenixes, unicorns and other creatures of good omen), meant "investigating things," and so has come to be an equivalent to the European term "science." In the century which followed Ricci's death, successive Jesuit scholars not only translated European text-books into Chinese, but also Chinese classics into Latin. These classics, from which the actual economic and political state of China could as little be inferred as the condition of Europe could have been deduced from *Deuteronomy*, were taken by European readers as the picture of an actual state of society in China, for which boundless admiration was felt. Mr. Collis, however, goes a little too far when he assumes that Voltaire invented the plot of *L'Orphelin de la Chine* (1755) in order to demonstrate the influence of Confucianism over the barbarians. His play was merely an adaptation of a well-known Chinese drama.

The author's narrative becoming more and more rapid, takes us down to the foundation of the Chinese Republic. The blustering of sea-captains gives way to the urbanity of titled emissaries. Lord Macartney, Lord Amherst, Lord Napier, prepare the way for the Opium War (the object of which was, as Mr. Collis says, "to force China to trade in a modern way") and for the missionaries (whom Mr. Collis tactfully decides not to mention). Despite current difficulties, the book is excellently produced, and is illustrated by numerous contemporary prints.

ARTHUR WALEY

GENERALSHIP

Can Britain Attack? By MAJOR-GENERAL R. POPE-HENNESSY. *Collins.* 2s. 6d.

Generals and Generalship. By GENERAL SIR ARCHIBALD WAVELL. Foreword by GENERAL SIR JOHN DILL. *Penguin.* 6d.

The title, *Can Britain Attack?* is misleading, since the reader will naturally assume that the question refers to attacking Germany in Europe. Having suggested an affirmative answer, the author burkes the issue and provides nothing more encouraging than attack in Libya in order to injure the prestige of the German Army. Further unspecified "Libyas" are to follow and ultimately compass Hitler's downfall. For the rest, the book consists of erecting a number of Aunt Sallies, such as a negotiated peace, and then knocking them down. Statements of fact occur which are merely statements of the author's opinion. One of these, buttressed with the words "it is certain," tells us that in time we can have, if necessary, "three times as many aeroplanes as the Germans and three times their number of armoured divisions."

Only passing reference is made to the view held by many persons in responsible quarters that the best, and perhaps the only, way open to us of defeating Germany lies in striking at the morale of the German people through a combination of the blockade, political warfare and ever increasing air attacks. Until Major-General Pope-Hennessy addresses his mind seriously to this aspect of his problem, his guidance through the maze of war strategy will remain unimpressive.

I must confess to having read General Wavell's three lectures on *Generals and Generalship* with a sense of disappointment in finding no reference to generalship when applied to large-scale military operations under modern conditions. The lectures are entitled "A Good General," "The General and his Troops," and "The Soldier and Statesman," and the writing reveals a cultivated mind which has absorbed the teaching of military history without acquiring the least trace of pedantry. Indeed, General Wavell himself personifies in a high degree the qualities which he postulates in a good general. But these alone will not prove adequate to the task of generalship in the conditions which to-day confront him, and which give a striking example of the inadequacy of the traditional conception of generalship tacitly accepted in the lectures.

A threat is now developing from the North-West against our position in the Middle East and India. It will be developed in accordance with a completely unified plan, and to oppose it successfully our generalship must provide a plan not less completely unified. But, in the entire region threatened, there exist at least six mutually independent Commanders-in-Chief—two military, two naval and two air. In Egypt there is a committee, the importance of which can be judged from the fact that it is presided over by a Member of the War Cabinet, but which has all operations against the enemy excluded from its purview. In India there are the Central Provision Office and Eastern Group Supply Council, each directly under Whitehall. Men and/or material are being furnished by India, three Dominions, the United States and Britain herself.

The requirements of generalship, if Hitler is to be held, are the development and direction of available war potential to the implementing of a unified strategic plan for the whole vast theatre. But on whom rests the responsibility for providing that plan? In *Generals and Generalship* one looks in vain for guidance as to how a situation such as this should be dealt with—and, in the absence of a solution, one can only view the one now developing with grave apprehension. There are, in fact, all the makings of another Greece.

If generalship can be defined as the method of conducting military operations to a successful conclusion, it is high time we faced up to the fact that the responsibility for the working out of plans in major theatres of war should no longer be placed on the shoulders of the Commander-in-Chief and his General Staff, whose time and attention must in any case be absorbed to a great extent by matters of immediate moment. A specially constituted body is required which has no other task to perform. That the Commander-in-Chief must agree with the plans evolved before he can be called upon to execute them is evident, but in practice no difficulty should arise, because his views would be known and taken into account in the formative stage of a process that was in the fullest sense co-operative.

In the Middle East the needs of the situation can be met satisfactorily in one way only. A War Council is required. It should be presided over by the Minister of State. Its members should include one military and one air Commander-in-Chief, each responsible in his own sphere for the entire region, extending

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EYRE AND SPOTTISWOODE

from Libya (inclusive) to Burma (exclusive); and there should be one naval Commander-in-Chief responsible for the Eastern Mediterranean and the Indian Ocean. All organisations in the area, such as the Central Provision Office, should be subordinated to this Council, and it would be made responsible for the conduct of the war in the Middle East, subject to the general direction of the War Cabinet. A suitable location would be Baghdad. Under it a planning organisation would be established containing representatives of all Services, Ministries, Dominions, etc., interested. Then the strategical problems involved, comprising those of Libya and of the Caucasus, would be viewed comprehensively by competent authorities on the spot. And again, major decisions would still rest with the War Cabinet, but they would come before it, not piecemeal as at present, but in connection with a unified plan for the whole region framed with a view to nullifying whatever may prove to be the unified plans of the enemy, while developing our own plans for offensive action.

Into such an organisation, which would furnish the multifarious expert and technical attributes called for by comprehensive generalship adjusted to modern conditions, no one would fit more brilliantly than General Wavell himself.

CLIVE GARSIA

SAVED FROM THE BONFIRE

Bells and Grass. By WALTER DE LA MARE. *Faber & Faber. 7s. 6d.*

Mr. de la Mare, in his Introduction to this collection of poems, tells how he was looking through "a jackdaw jumble of old papers and old letters" a year ago, preparatory to making a bonfire of these past vanities. But he remitted a certain "commonplace book, bound in black leather. It had been mysteriously forgotten; yet at a glimpse, its contents at once came welling up into memory again. About twenty-four pages of it had been crammed, top to bottom, with pencil scribblings, many of them dated 1905, the remainder of a date not later, I fancy, than 1906."

The discovery resulted in the publication of this book, which consists of a selection from those pencil scribblings, together with some other consonant poems written since. That gives the clue to the varieties of technique which the reader will find in these poems written for young people.

"For young people" is a vague definition, and it puzzles Mr. de la Mare. He asks "how old, then, are the young? And how young is it possible for the old to remain?—without, that is, being merely immature, undergrown, or silly? Is this in fact a question of age, of mere time? I doubt if it is." He compares the human body with an umbrella sent repeatedly for repair. One might focus that image down more precisely, and think of Jules Laforgue's umbrella, which must also have been replaced, bit by bit, under such constant use, yet remained to the end the Symbolist poet's most characteristic symbol.

Nor has Mr. de la Mare changed under the reparation of forty years. His lunar magic remains his own, with its peculiar tint and odour. If you look into the mushroom ring of poems in this book, you will find some difficulty in picking out those spored two days ago from those spored forty years ago. I think, perhaps, that the poet's tendency has been to work toward a quieter, smoother and less consciously startling phraseology, with less use of his peculiar device of the cunning inversion. But, early and late in his career, he demands from the reader that constant attention to undertones, the emphatic use of unimportant words, such as "but" and "or." Here is an example, in a poem describing, or rather conjuring, a deserted house.

> Its ramshackle gate swings open, but
> No sickle covets its seeding grass;
> There's a cobbled path to a door close-shut;
> But no face shows at the window glass.

Many of the poems are additions to nursery rhyme, with Cock Robin, witches, and "candle, candle, burning clear." Many are lyrics with an audacious turn of humour in the last line, such as one called *The Miller*, too long to quote. Instead I will quote a lyric called *Why?*

> Ever, ever
> Stir and shiver
> The reeds and rushes
> By the river:
> Ever, ever,
> As if in dream,
> The lone moon's silver
> Sleeks the stream.
> What old sorrow,
> What lost love,
> Moon, reeds, rushes,
> Dream you of?

RICHARD CHURCH

THE CHILDREN'S HOUR

The Brontës' Web of Childhood. By FANNIE E. RATCHFORD. *Oxford. 23s. 6d.*

We had often suspected what, thanks to the "Shakespeare Head" Brontë, we now know: that, in spite of appearances, the Brontë sisters did not spring fully armed into the offices of Smith, Elder and Co. that day in 1846. The books and poems which they then launched on an astonished world were the eventual outcome of many years' private scribbling, in which their brother Branwell took a large, if on the whole subsidiary, part. All the imaginary worlds constructed by immature minds are substantially similar, and it is amusing to compare the Brontës' voluminous effusions with much later examples such as *The Young Visiters* and Mr. Isherwood's *Lions and Shadows*. Of paramount interest to psychologists, these fantasies are especially important in the case of those whose talents mature, for to invent a world and describe it is one way to develop and discipline the imagination—a better way, I suspect, than the commoner more "objective" method of pouring out five-act tragedies in the Jacobean manner. By this way, of course, also lies schizophrenia, and one of the major fascinations of this book consists in determining the points at which each member of the family took a turn nearer reality—or the reverse.

The story begins with a fairly obvious rivalry (symbolised by the way in which Charlotte satirised her brother in the earliest of her writings) between Charlotte and Branwell for headship of the family. Branwell lost—because he was the weaker character and because, being a man, he was altogether more heavily oppressed by the burden of maturity. Pain, whether physical or mental, always refuses to be accommodated in the house of the soul: it will not fit into any scheme and demands heroic remedies that are often worse than itself. Branwell was unequal to the struggle: his soul fell in twain, one half remaining among the internecine squabbles of "Angria" (the country he shared with Charlotte), the other half becoming involved in a circle of drink and guilt feelings. If anyone still cherishes the illusion that Branwell had any hand in *Wuthering Heights*, he will abandon it after reading this book. What the poor, violent, by no means altogether unattractive fellow did contribute to that masterpiece was—to put it briefly—his personality. That the latter should have had enough in common with Byron's to produce the hero-villains of Angria and, later, Mr. Rochester and Heathcliff, was the almost inevitable result of the *Zeitgeist;* even without him, it is now fairly clear that Charlotte's and Emily's most striking male characters would not have developed otherwise than they did, and to persist in finding Mr. Rochester incredible or "funny" is, I think, in the worst sense old fashioned.

It is absorbing to watch, through this tangle of poems and story fragments, the gradual cooling of Charlotte's molten fantasies about the Duke of Wellington and Arthur Wellesley and "Zamorna," until they harden into the adult world of *The Professor*. In some respects, of course, she was to remain curiously childish; it is noticeable, for instance, that when she came to describe Blanche Ingram and her mother she was unable to improve on the nursery caricatures which grace the landscapes of Angria and place her for a moment on a level with the author of *Irene Iddesleigh*. But on the whole her contribution to the history of Angria shows a steady awakening which admirably concurs with the stages of her life. "*Quand on*

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dispose ainsi de soi," said Fromentin of himself, at the age of twenty-four, "*on a toute sa valeur . . . de plus, on est contemporain de toutes les époques de sa vie.*" Charlotte might have said the same of herself.

But Emily and Anne (especially the former) were not going to be outdone by their elders. "Gondal" differs from Angria according to the qualities of temperament that went to its invention. Angria was an amoral world in which justice and retribution were the results of offending the powers that happened to be; but in Gondal an absolute sense of sin and evil is highly remarkable. The whole fantasy, indeed, is quite different from Charlotte's and Branwell's; at once more visionary and more consistent, it has something Blake-like about it, without the false starts and odd ends and bewilderingly composite characters of Angria. One suspects that the invention was chiefly Emily's: most of her poems and many of the incidents in her single novel can, as Miss Ratchford shows, be traced directly to Gondalian origins. At all events it seems plain that Anne was, of the four, the least interested in the game. By far the most "normal" of them all, she seems, with her sweet, pliant personality, to have written only because they did. Soon she was content to slip away altogether, protesting only slightly at the face life had made at her.

Confronted with the massed evidence she presents, it is difficult to avoid agreeing with Miss Ratchford that the chief characters, the themes, and many even of the actual scenes, in the published novels are all present, in embryonic but still recognisable forms, in the worlds of these early writings. But that the novels were the final precipitations, as it were, of the stuff of those imaginary worlds, proves, I think, not that Charlotte and Emily continued, when grown up, to live in a dream, but on the contrary that their original intuitions and imaginations were—however wild and romantic—from the first strongly integrated with reality as it is manifested in certain places, at certain times, and in certain characters of a rather supercharged type.

One doubts if anything written about the Brontës could be dull, for their story has an epic quality that would confer an inherent excitement upon an approach far less interesting in itself than Miss Ratchford's. Given a clear thesis, the difficulty in writing a book of this kind lies in the selection and presentation of the material; for where the mind of childhood is concerned, there are no tidy streams, with banks and locks: the floods are out all over the fields, making nonsense of gates and even of houses, and the scene is too amorphous to admit of accurate delineation. So that in reading this fascinating book (a piece of scholarship as minute in its way as an edition of Macrobius) we are as much teased by what is referred to but not quoted, as we are entertained by the very full excerpts themselves, some of which, incidentally, contain passages of considerable power and beauty. The student must read for himself the *Miscellaneous and Unpublished Writings* of the Brontës (Blackwell, 30s.) but this book is a useful guide to these, and will therefore be welcome to amateurs of the Brontë legend.

EDWARD SACKVILLE WEST

LIST OF BOOKS

The paper shortage having made our usual Christmas Books number impossible, we append a list of those books which have been most favourably noticed in these columns during the past year. Since editors, and even reviewers, are fallible, some excellent works have doubtless not been reviewed, and others have been inadequately praised. But if the difficulties of wartime publishing are taken into account, the list of commended works is respectably long. Space has forbidden more than the most jejune descriptions of the books, but it is hoped that the list may be of some use, especially to those seeking Christmas presents for their friends and relations. A review of new children's books will appear next week. R. M.

THE ARTS

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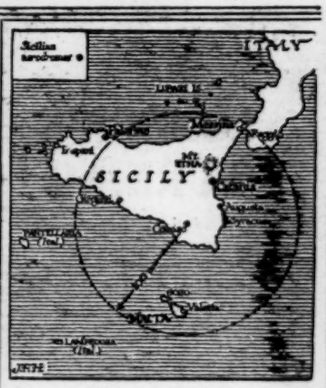

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RULES—

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2. The Editor's decision is final. He reserves the right to print in part or as a whole any matter sent in, whether it be awarded a prize or not. MSS. cannot be returned. When no entries reach the required standard no prize will be awarded.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 615

Set by V. S. Pritchett

The usual prizes are offered for the best half dozen false etymologies. An example of the kind of thing required occurred in an earlier competition when Quisling was defined as coming from the Latin *Quis lingit* : a lickspittle.

Report by V. S. Pritchett

Competitors could be divided this time into the disciples of Ramsbotham and Enoch (of the Forces programme) and the learned punsters. You chose either D. Richards with his Adamant : firm, inexorable. Originally the word formed part of the phrase Adam and Eve ; a careless copyist ran the first two words together, supposing them to be an adjective describing the mother of all flesh ; or F. J. H. Grant's Mussolini : Lat. "mus olens"—a stinking rodent ; cp. Mod. Eng. "to smell a rat" (mlg.).

Place names were avoided, and there was little satire on political and scientific jargon. Mr. Wm. Bliss was original with a wicked set of libellous etymologies of the names of Cabinet Ministers, the tone of which was set by Cabinet : Fr. cabinet. He said he could go on doing this sort of thing for ever, and Mr. Jaffray informs me that heraldy has been doing so, only surpassed nowadays in the naming of racehorses. (I suspect that some quadruped was not sufficiently *couvant* in a field *vert*, at some period of his life.) Here are some of the plums from an amusing collection :

Enormous : Huge, from the Latin "en" behold, and the Orme, a great promontory in North Wales. (Leslie Johnson.)

Virgin : From Latin *vir* a man, and the O.E. *gin*, a trap.

Vaudeville : (Fr. *veau, diable.* Eng. devil) lat. Devilish fine calves, what ? Prof. A. M. Binstead gives the secondary meaning of "devil"—"highly seasoned or broiled." Hence, "Those calves are pretty hot, what ?" (Nym.)

Eden : Nothing to do with the Garden of E. Popular references to "leading people up the garden," etc., may be disregarded (see Pearsall Smith's *Trivia* and others). The true derivation is, however, very obscure and the best etymologies differ. Perk, the best suggestion is—from the Lat. *Edentatus :* having no front teeth. Therefore having been supplied with artificial and false ones. Hence by a sort of inversion (*cf.* "lucus a non lucendo") *superficial, flashy, shop front-like.* The termination *tate* having been dropped for euphony. (Wm. Bliss.)

Laval : Personne ne peut l'avaler. (Like : "lucus a non lucendo.") (Joseph Hirsch.)

Seasick : From the Latin : *O si sic omnia.* (Gee ! If everyone suffered like this !) (Wm. Stewart.)

Tobacco : Old English "to back of queue" from method of obtaining during years of war. (Lemar.)

New Order : Fr. *nu Ordure : Naked filth.* (Richard Pomfret.)

To find a perfect set of six was difficult, and I was left undecided between F. J. H. Grant, Anthony Hearn, Lemor, Leslie Johnson and Wm. Bliss, but weighing frightful probability and comic improbability, I concluded that Mr. F. J. H. Grant and Mr. Patrick Redmond should be, respectively, the first and second prize-winners. There is space only to quote a selection from each.

FIRST PRIZE

Mussolini : Lat. "Mus olens"—a stinking rodent; c.p. Mod. Eng. "to smell a rat" (vulg.). Shiletto takes "olens" as "fragrant, odoriferous" ; this distorted view may be discounted as actuated by purely racial prejudices.

Sustenance : "Sus tenetur"—to keep pigs (late). [Scholium : "ut quidem praecipue in bello est usus."]

Lacrosse : "Lacero ossa"—to hack the shins.

Onion : "unio"—a pearl of great price ; (v. rare —Dr. Furness). (F. J. H. GRANT)

SECOND PRIZE

Publicity : From *pub* (dim. of *public-house*, q.v.) and L. *licet* (let it be allowed). Hybrid first applied to anti-prohibitionist propaganda by brewers.

Minx : Girl who likes to wear *mink* furs (slang : *cf. gold-digger*).

Bant : Mod. coinage from *bantam* (small—app. orig. to fowl). To slim or become smaller by dieting.
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